

SEPTEMBER 7, 1922

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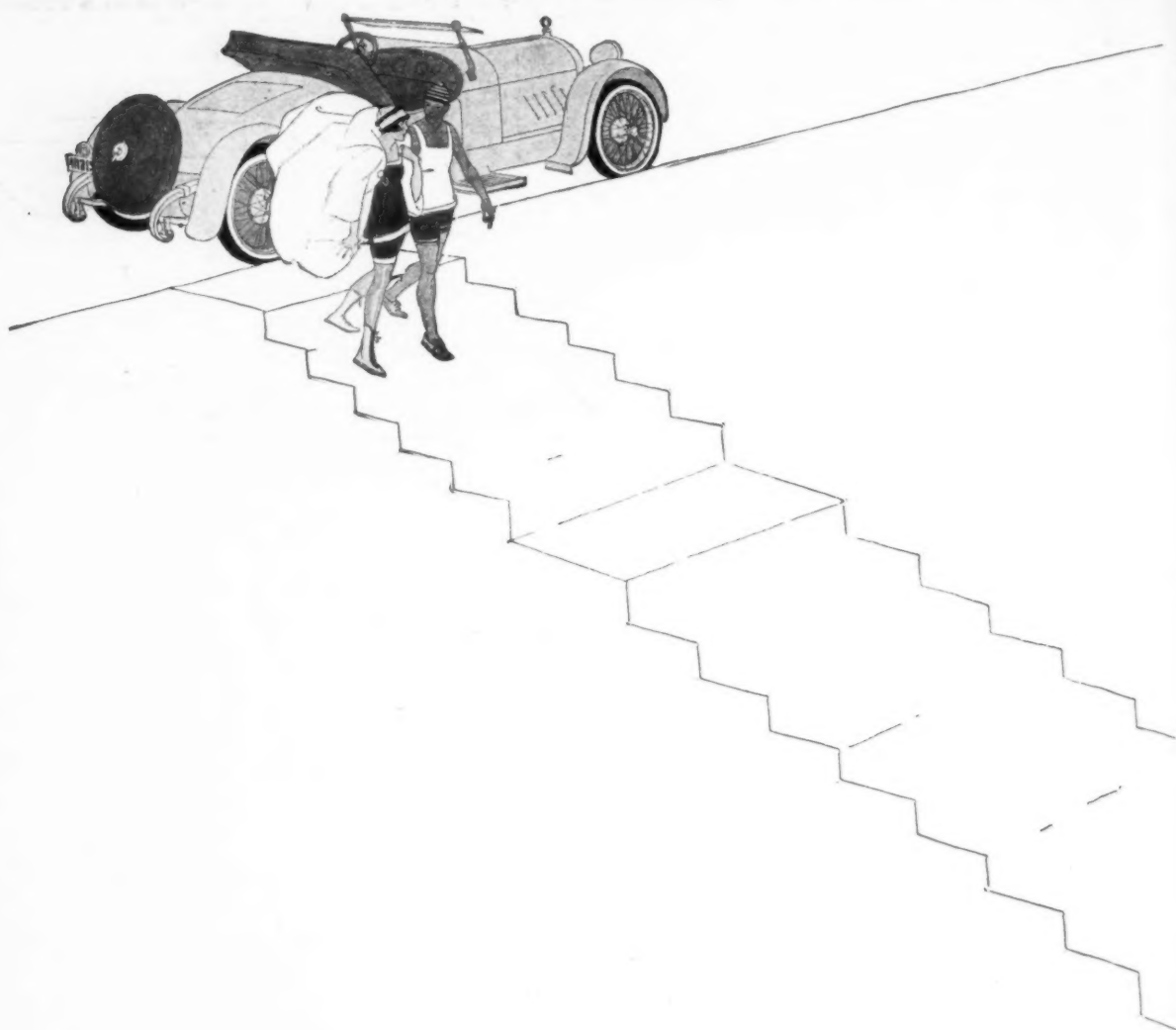
Life

SUNDAY EDITION

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"What motion-picture production needs today is an infiltration of new blood—new thoughts, new dreams, new ideas, new points of view—in short, a new imagination."

—Photoplay Magazine.



ANNOUNCEMENT

The new building in Hollywood in course of construction for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation. It will be occupied this autumn.

THE Palmer Photoplay Corporation announces that it will immediately enter the field of motion picture production. This extension of our service will be on terms that open wide to the public the closely guarded gates to screenland.

We shall produce, and release for exhibition in the theatres, the best photoplays of new creative genius and fresh imagination. It will be talent discovered and trained by the world's largest and most authoritative school of photoplay technique.

We shall share the proceeds of each production with its author, on a royalty basis which recognizes the just claim of *creative effort* to participate as long as the earnings continue. For the first time, the screen author will be raised to the same dignified level of professional compensation as the stage dramatist and novelist.

This constructive undertaking is intended—

(1) To provide for the unknown writer outside the gates a greater opportunity than he has heretofore enjoyed;

(2) To bring to the screen the drama which springs from the people themselves, who *live* it and *create* it, and who can best reflect it in the universal medium of graphic expression, the photoplay.

Our production enterprise is the logical culmination of a vision which inspired the founders of the Palmer Photoplay Corpora-

tion four years ago. Our search for fresh imagination for the screen has uncovered a gold mine of vital human drama. Our training has revealed the tremendous possibilities of creative imagination equipped with the technique of screen interpretation.

Our institution has attracted the warm support of thoughtful, cultured men and women who realize, from the public's unerring point of view, what a mighty spiritual force the motion picture can and ought to become in the life of the whole world. They feel the urge to contribute something worth while that lies within them. They have shown their earnest purpose by enrolling for the course and service of the Department of Education of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

Nearing completion in Hollywood is the new building which we shall occupy this autumn; and the time is ripe to realize our dream. We shall now back, with finished productions, our faculty's judgment of talent—and our editors' judgment of photoplays. It is the hope of this organization of 250 earnest men and women that, through a medium which we have the honor to provide, the people shall acquire and permanently retain controlling influence in an art which peculiarly belongs to them; and that the author, whose story is the indispensable starting point of every picture, shall have a reward commensurate with his contribution.

The Palmer Photoplay

Corporation will carry on with renewed vigor its nation-wide search for creative imagination and dramatic ability. It will continue to train properly qualified persons in the screen technique. Its Sales Department will continue to supply story material for those producers who have the vision to purchase screen stories on their merits. Our producing enterprise is merely an extension of our activities which does not alter our long established educational and story marketing policies.

The Entrance Examination

Here on the threshold of this extension of its service to better motion pictures, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation renews, with increased vigor, its search for the creative imagination that lies, often hidden, within the people themselves.

With greater confidence than ever before it repeats its tried and proven assertion that *any adult person who has the gifts of creative imagination and dramatic insight, can acquire, through the Palmer method, the technique of screen writing.*

With the public in overwhelming numbers supporting our contention that there can be no better pictures until there are better stories, we renew our effort to get better stories on the screen, both through our own production enterprise and those producers who have the vision to select and the ability to judge *screen* stories—on their merits.

But the Palmer Photoplay Corporation will not consciously hold forth false hope. It will invite no person to enroll for training in the screen technique who has not passed the Entrance Examination.

It does invite adult men and women, whatever their occupation or writing experience, to take this examination by sending for our Creative Test Questionnaire. It will be sent free, and without obligation of any kind. It has revealed to many persons the presence of unsuspected talent for creating dramatic stories. You can apply this interesting test in a single evening in your own home. A frank analysis will be given you without cost upon return of the questionnaire to us. For your convenience the coupon appears below.



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PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

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CRUISE LIMITED TO 400 GUESTS

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The beautiful, well and adequately appointed and exceptionally suitable steamer plus the definitely limited membership will assure to each guest the greatest comfort, privacy and personal attention. This is a Golden Jubilee Cruise, celebrating the 50th year since the first world-tour was conducted by Thos. Cook, the founder of our organization.

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Goodrich

announces

new tire prices

—lowest cost mileage ever known

Effective July 20th, Goodrich established a revised price list that is a base line of tire value. It gives the motorist the buying advantage of knowing that whatever size tire he selects is of the same quality—the Goodrich one-quality standard.

It gives him the longest mileage, the most satisfactory service and the highest quality his money can buy. Results will prove that it is impossible to buy tire mileage at lower cost.

Think of being able to buy Sivertown Cords

at such prices as these:

SIZE	FAIR LIST PRICE	SIZE	FAIR LIST PRICE
30 x 3½ Cl.	\$13.50	34 x 4 S.B.	\$30.85
31 x 3.85 "	15.95	32 x 4½ "	37.70
30 x 3½ S.B.	15.95	33 x 4½ "	38.55
32 x 3½ "	22.95	34 x 4½ "	39.50
31 x 4 "	26.45	35 x 4½ "	40.70
32 x 4 "	29.15	33 x 5 "	46.95
33 x 4 "	30.05	35 x 5 "	49.30

New Fair List prices are also effective on Goodrich Fabric Tires:

SIZE	FAIR LIST PRICE	SIZE	FAIR LIST PRICE
30 x 3 "55"	\$ 9.65	32 x 4 S.B. (Safety)	\$21.20
30 x 3½ "	10.65	33 x 4 "	22.35
32 x 3½ S.B. (Safety)	16.30	34 x 4 "	22.85

No extra charge for excise tax. This tax is paid by Goodrich

This revised price list affords the motorist a definite guide to tire prices as Goodrich Tires are the definite standard of tire quality.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Akron, Ohio

· Life · · Sunday Edition ·



Gutenberg's Dream

HE gets easily tired after inventing type, and Gutenberg rested his head in his arms. "Tell me", he asked of the good fairy who hovers over inventors at such moments, "tell me what this child of my brain will grow up to be. Let me see it in its perfection, centuries from now."

And lo, Gutenberg dreamed a dream!

And he saw, lying on the front door-step, a Sunday newspaper. With trembling fingers he lifted its heavy bulk to the table and undid it, revealing the following precious contents:

A colored funny section, combining the worst taste and the worst art of which the known world is capable.

A news section, made up for the most part of unimportant chronicles dilated far beyond their legitimate size

and coated with a spurious gilt of importance to justify their taking up the space not devoted to advertising.

Editorials settling all the problems of the world in alphabetical order, written by men whose personal opinions in the open air would be rated at about eleven cents on the dollar, but who, under the impressive anonymity of an editorial page, can make and unmake wars, laws, and men.

Press-agent material, sent out by the bundle from agencies "for release Sunday", printed in the guise of impartial news.

Sensational special articles, based on the theory that everyone must read a peck of dirt before he dies. . . .

At this point, Gutenberg roused himself from his dream, and, gathering up his type, threw it into the fire.

BORAH RAPS HAGUE PARLEY

Debate in House Ends in Fist-Fight—Harding Silent

(Special Correspondence to Sunday Life)

Washington, Sept. 2nd.—To those on the inside who are cognizant of the workings of the mind of the Administration, the recent defeat of Senator Lipp in Idaho is fraught with significance. In official circles a discreet silence is maintained, but, as predicted in this column last week, the cool weather has come and with it signs of autumn.

The connection between the Lipp defeat and the Administration's plans for re-papering the blue room in the White House may not be apparent to one not "in the know," but from sources close to the President we have information which enables us to state that it is.

Guns Are Spiked

In an interview with your correspondent yesterday Representative McMee confirmed this impression by refusing to say anything on the matter, but within a few days the situation should have come to a head sufficiently to allow us to give further details. It is regarded here as almost certain that with the passage of the Ambler-Kreisler Bill the anti-Administration forces will have achieved their aim and will have so spiked the guns of Senator Rossit and his fellow Republican members of the Picnic Committee that further developments may be awaited.

HEN LAYS ODD EGG

WINSTED, Conn., Sept. 2.—The entire city of Winsted is flocking to the farm of Eric T. Plushfield on the outskirts of this city, where a small Plymouth Rock hen yesterday laid one of the most extraordinary eggs ever seen in this part of the country.

The hen that laid the egg is herself a curiosity. Frances, as she is called, was hatched with six other fowl, all of whom, excepting herself, were eagles. Frances when but a pullet started croaking instead of whistling as is the habit with most local hens. About three months ago she began to shed the blue and green feather markings of the Winsted Plymouth Rocks and turned almost pure white. Next the two small horns on her upper lip shrank away until they were hardly visible.

Up till yesterday her eggs have been diamond shape as usual. Yesterday's egg is white and oval in shape. Next Monday it will be placed on exhibition in the Elite Drug Store along with the four-legged calf born here week before last.

CRAZED CAR OF MAYOR-RUN LINE TIES TRAFFIC

Troops, Called by Mayor, Quell Riot as Election Nears

A heavy trolley-car of the Writty Beach Air Line ran amuck yesterday afternoon shortly after leaving the curve at Plerman's Point, and before its wild career had ended against a tree in front of 1745 Bostwick Street seven persons had been bitten and one prostrated by the heat.

The car, in charge of Motorman Eliot J. Reefer, of 43 Orchid St. and Conductor Thomas Replevin, of 365 Turgid Ave., both Harvard boys, was on its return trip to the city when it became unmanageable at the curve and left the track in a huff. Careening along at a speed estimated as about 100 miles an hour, the headstrong car made its way through the crowd of holiday shoppers, snarling and biting and deliberately frightening women and children. A hurry call was sent to the State Capital for the militia, but before the troops could arrive the trolley-car was under control, having tried unsuccessfully to dodge a tree belonging to Robert L. Further, president and

NEWS IN BRIEF

Local

Commissioner of Ducks Leonard T. Rasmussen states that \$3,000 of city's money is spent each year for graham crackers.

Sixty thousand people seek relief from hurdy-gurdies over holiday.

No one jumped from Brooklyn Bridge yesterday.

Aged man found asleep in old well, denies having kidnapped Dorothy Arnold.

Domestic

Striking longshoremen take part in Daisy Chain Celebration at Vassar.

Four men indicted on charge of conspiring to sell the United States to Sweden.

Lots of fun had everywhere.

Foreign

Poincaré denies Franco-American soup pact.

Italian troops called out to quell heat wave in Genoa.

Germany refuses to pay indemnity installment and France sets fire to Bavaria.

Six hundred thousand pesetas realized by Spanish government on rubbers left behind by American tourists during the summer.

treasurer of the Friendly Sulphur Co., with offices at 34-78 Brown Wharf.

Among those sustaining slight bruises was Anatole France, a writer of 16 Rue de la Pompe.

"SUE" TWILL, 18, SEEKS MILLION HEART BALM

"Hello, How's Ev'rything?" Rich Clubman's Note Said, Says Girl, —"Error"—Mullen

Bennington, Vt., Sept. 2nd.—Suit for \$1,000,000 for alleged breach of promise was filed yesterday by Waldo Gunz, attorney for Miss Susan Mae Twill, eighteen and pretty, against Olaf Mullen, alleged club-man.

Miss Twill, a former Sandusky society girl, avers that she met Mullen while both were attending the Beaver's Convention at Toledo in 1874. It is said to have been a case of love at first sight. Since that time, Mullen and the Twill girl have been seen constantly together at social get-togethers, always under the chaperonage of Miss Twill's aunt, it is stated.

Attorney Gunz produced letters which tended to support Miss Twill's alleged statements. They are said to have been written by Mullen during the period that intervened between their first meeting and the spring of 1911, when he is alleged to have jilted her, etaoinsrdiu. Among the missives, all ardent in tone, included in the batch in Mr. Gunz's possession, are:

I. W. W. Clubhouse,
Butte, Mon., June 6th, 1894.
"Hello My Little Pal Girl:
How's ev'rything?"

XXXXXXXXXX

Daddy."

Gave Up All for Love

"I gave up all for love," Miss Twill is quoted as saying,—"my home, my friends and my social position in (Continued on eighth page)

GEM YEGGS BAG BIG LOOT

Mayor Broke Vow to Her, Says Rich Victim

A woman, giving her name as Bertha Razz, was arrested early today by Patrolman Hugh C. Lief of the 2nd Precinct, charged with having been drugged and robbed. She was found wandering in a dazed condition in the Duck Pond and on being clubbed at the station-house admitted that she had had a large sum of money and a quantity of valuable gems on her person earlier in the day but that some one had taken them from her after giving her a bunch of sponges to smell. One of her assailants, according to the woman, said that he was the Mayor and that he wanted to make her a deputy commissioner of playgrounds. Mayor Thurmer, on being called at his home early today, denied ever having made any such promise.

The woman is being held on a technical charge of sedition, pending an investigation by the authorities.

Sunday Life

GAINED in Agate Lines of Advertising
From March 1 to September 1, 1922

MORE Than All Other Sunday Papers COMBINED
Including the SCANDINAVIAN

If the Agate Lines of Advertising Published in SUNDAY LIFE for the Past Six Months Were Laid End to End, or as the Case May Be, Then the Agate Lines of Advertising Published in SUNDAY LIFE for the Past Six Months Would Be Laid End to End

READ THESE ASTONISHING FIGURES TO YOUR CHILDREN

	March 1	Sept. 1	Gain	Loss
SUNDAY LIFE	23,461,287	17,396,284	98,487,732
Gazette Herald	47,226,381	52,691,118	220,116
Times Democrat	38,731,336	47,239,817	4,367,891
Monitor	35,442,719	42,325,527	9,321,465

SWORN STATEMENT

To me this day did appear to all intents and purposes several people representing SUNDAY LIFE, respectively, and they did positively swear that they had appeared before me, in accordance with the law, and reading from left to right. Certified and pasteurized before me this third day of September in the year 1922.

SIMEON PREITZER,

Notary Public.

My commission expired Jan. 30, 1897.

BIG GALE MAKES STATE WIDE HAVOC

MOTHS DROP UP-STATE

Wind and Hail Halt Fun of Gay "Week-Enders"

Accompanied by thunder, lightning and the bride's mother, the worst wind and hail storm in twenty-two years swept over this city late last night, leaving in its wake a record toll of property damage estimated by the Department of Fisheries at between \$3,000 and half-past seven o'clock.

Coming without so much as a warning out of the west, the storm caught thousands of merry-makers in the subways where they had been spending the day, up-rooted countless fruit trees where they stood, ruining the peach-crop for the eighth consecutive time this year, and plunged hundreds of homes into darkness by wetting all the matches which lay in its path.

Seeking refuge from the rain under a mail-box, Samuel J. Wark, of 348 Lippit Ave., was caught and swirled violently against the curbing at the corner of Ocean Road and Hydrangea St., sustaining painful bruises and holding up traffic at that point for three quarters of an hour. "I was sitting in the gutter just before the storm came up," said Mr. Wark when interviewed at his

(Continued on next page)

CATCHES TURTLE AFTER 34 YEARS

Kennebunkport Resident Finds Crustacean Marked Years Before.

Kennebunkport, Me.—A turtle on which he had carved his initials thirty-four years ago was caught here today by Richard W. Bemis, who has been coming here as a summer resident since 1880. When he first caught the turtle, Mr. Bemis had no middle initial, and accordingly marked it only with the initials R. B. Years later, when his Uncle William was about to die, he adopted the W., and when caught today, all three initials were found on the turtle's back.

Interviewed immediately after the occurrence, Mr. Bemis said:

"This comes as a great surprise to me, and I hardly know what to say. I had no idea, when I started out this morning, that anything of the kind was about to happen. As always, however, I shall endeavor to be fair and square in my dealings with my fellow men, and photographs of both myself and the turtle will be sold to the rotogravure sections at very moderate prices."

Mr. Bemis then excused himself to pose for a weekly news reel.

"TOOTIE" NOTES CAUSE STIR IN SPRALL CASE

WITNESS STUNS GRILLERS

Fair Plaintiff, Flayed by X-Examiner, Tells All to Filled Court

Sensational developments came thick and fast yesterday on the tenth day of the divorce proceedings in the case of Helen Drugin Seymouthe Sprall against Robbins Sprall, her husband, and the counter-charges of Mr. Sprall against his wife, in which both parties are seeking to avoid the custody of little "Bimmy" Sprall, the alleged child of the ill-starred union.

The now-famous "Tootie" letters figured again in the testimony and it was brought out by Mrs. Sprall's attorney, Henry M. Middlegarth, of the firm of Middlegarth, Middlegarth, Middlegarth and Creep, 14 Wall St., that previous to the episode in the power-boat off the Grand Banks in which Mr. Sprall is alleged to have spent a week with several women of his acquaintance, the near-sighted clubman and polo-enthusiast had been involved in several affairs with actresses, one of whom in particular claims to have been married to him for fourteen years.

In reply to this the veteran black-bass-fisher charges that his wife was herself mentioned in connection with

(Continued in Sport Section)

THE INQUISITIVE REPORTER

Our Inquisitive Reporter yesterday asked this question of three people chosen at random:

"Do you regard the Hegelian empiricism, taken in the light of Von Clausewitz's metabolism, as a priori indicative of a subconscious conflict,—making due allowance, of course, for inherited predilections?"

Gustav K. Steinmuller, 1484 East 168th Street. Paperhanger. "It all depends on how much yeast you use. Some likes it less yeasty and some likes it more. I get the best results by skimming every three days. It depends how you like it."

Florence Weemick, 1409 Rutgers St. Stenographer. "No, I prefer Rodolph Valentino. I didn't see The Hairy Ape, but I hear Lionel Barrymore was just lovely in it."

Claude Eisenberg, 133 Stuyvesant Park. Plumber. "It looks to me like the Giants has the best chance."

SLEUTHS SEEK CLEABY SLAYER AS CROWDS CHEER

Slain "Key-Ring King"



THEODORE R. CLEABY

SHUN WEED, AUTOS AND LIVE EVER

Avoid Tobacco and Keep Out of Automobiles, Says Centenarian, Giving Rules for Longevity

Louisville, Ky.—With five generations of his descendants grouped around him, E. W. Gresham, of Planton Township, near here, today celebrated his hundredth birthday. He was born just 100 years ago today, in 1822.

Mr. Gresham never has been in an automobile, and had his first ride in a trolley car last May. Asked for his rules for longevity, Mr. Gresham, between puffs of his pipe, advised his hearers first of all to avoid tobacco. He also urged them to drink plenty of water, walk thirty to forty miles a day, never ride in automobiles or trains, and to lay off the Sunday newspapers.

PAIR IN DEATH PACT

Millipp, Tenn., Saturday—An unidentified couple, a man and a woman, committed suicide at an early hour this afternoon by asking Traffic Policeman Rudolph W. Moeltbein of 614 Vernon Avenue, whether it was hot enough for him.

"Will Make Arrest Within 24 Hours" Says Costigerry

SENSATIONS PROMISED IN GREAT KILLING MYSTERY

Police Seek "Woman in Grey" Who Figured in Key-Ring King's Private Life.

Who killed Theodore Rudd Cleaby, and why?

This is the question which is baffling the police tonight following the finding early last evening of the body of the wealthy and prominent key-ring king shortly after a conference with a mysterious stranger at his fashionable home at Nevis, L. I., during which neighbors allege a shot was fired and previous to which Mr. Cleaby is said by the police to have ordered all deliveries of butter and eggs stopped at the exclusive backdoor of his fashionable lodge in which he is alleged to have lived for five years previous to the murder with no companion except an old dog of 1546 West 212th St., The Bronx.

It is the motive for the killing that is proving the biggest enigma with which the police are confronted. Robbery was not the object, according to Lieut. Thomas Costigerry of the 210th St. station who is in charge of the detectives on the case, for it is pointed out that the diamonds with which the pally wealthy clubman's pockets were untouched and the safety clasp undisturbed on the sailor's whistle which he wore on a cord and tucked in his breast pocket. It was this whistle which gave him the name among the residents of Nevis as "The Whistling Mystery Man."

Five Possible Motives

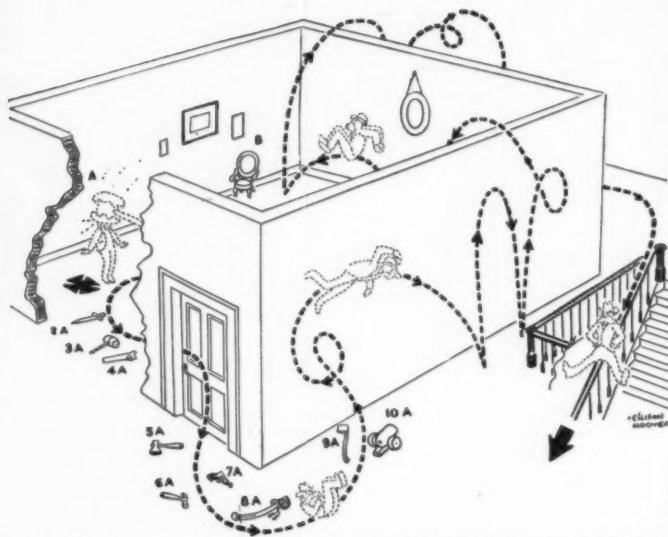
According to Capt. Peter L. Tweemey of the 165th St. Station, who is in charge of the motivation squad on the case, there are five possible reasons why Theodore Cleaby's life might have been taken by almost anybody:

1. He was given to chewing, with a loud crunching noise, any ice that remained in the glass after a drink.
2. He wore gray silk gloves in summer.
3. He had a small waxed mustache which was attached to his upper lip at only one spot, directly in the middle.
4. He stepped in front of people in lines at ticket-windows.
5. He wore a key-chain with a full dress suit.

Mrs. Launch's Story

The last person to see the veteran clam-digger alive was Mrs. Robert Launch, housekeeper for Lester O'Day Lazarus, who lives next door to the Cleaby place. According to Mrs.

HOW CLEABY SLAYER ESCAPED



Above diagram illustrates probable route of escape taken by the murderer in THE GREAT CLEABY KILLING MYSTERY. Although Lieut. Costigerry, of the narcotic squad, believes that the murder was effected with a dull, blunt instrument, the clues (2A-10A) found on the floor may have had something to do with it.

SLEUTHS SEEK CLEABY SLAYER

(Continued from seventh page)

Launch, Mr. Lazarus sat down to dinner at 7 o'clock on the evening of the murder, and, it is stated, ate hearty. On going out into the side yard at about 7:15 in order to get some grass for his dessert, Mrs. Launch, according to her story, heard shouts and screams of "Murder" coming from the Cleaby house followed by a burst of flame enveloping the entire upper stories. She thought nothing of it at the time as Mr. Cleaby was known to be eccentric, but later on, after dinner, on going to the window to see if the roof was still burning and hearing nothing, she wondered if anything had happened to Mr. Cleaby.

According to the story she told to the police, she then spoke to Mr. Lazarus concerning her suspicions but he had left the house in the meantime and could not hear her. She then, it is stated, put the matter out of her mind and went back to Ireland where she was born.

Were There Women in "Satyr" Cleaby's Life?

BY ADELLA SYCAMORE CRUNCH

What does a fragile little golden-haired woman, crooning lullabies over a bottle of Scotch, know of the Cleaby murder?

Only fifteen years ago, Clara Austerholtz came to City Island from the great, simple West, her blue eyes wide with the wonder of it all. All too soon were those blue eyes to see the truth of the saying that there is a broken heart for every banana peel on those pleasure-mad shores.

Loved and sheltered from birth, Clara had risen to belledom as the only

daughter of a wealthy brakeman of Ginsberg Falls, Utah. But trouble came, even to the petted society beauty. Mr. Austerholtz fell and gave his ankle a nasty wrench, and before many months had gone by, his gentle, gray-haired wife developed a heavy cold. The spoiled darling of the younger set of Ginsberg Falls must go out into the world and seek a living.

Dazzled by Wealth

It was while she was demonstrating elastic garments in a drug-store window that Theodore Cleaby saw her and demanded an introduction. Brilliant, masterful creature that he was, how could Clara help but be dazzled by him? Men like the famous quothrower need no lessons in overcoming the scruples of little working-girls from Ginsberg Falls. It was the ever-old, ever-new story. Clara listened to those poisoned promises, and believed. She went with the Wolf of Nevis to the Hippodrome. So far as the world knew, they were man and wife.

And then? Ah, what is ever the "and then" for girls like Clara Austerholtz? All she can do is pray that those two tender hearts back in Ginsberg Falls may never know, and come East to be supported.

The Other Women

But the golden-haired society belle of Ginsberg Falls was but an incident in the career of the strange, silent livery-stableman. What other women were there in that mad, wild life? Ask, if you dare, Sophie Ulch, she whom Broadway calls the Kumyss Girl; ask Minnette Oust, the daring lancers-dancer of the white-lit cabarets; ask Mrs. Sydney Groheim, once the darling of the Four Hundred, who is now running a certain little cigar and stationery shop on exclusive Amsterdam Avenue.

So you're puzzled, are you, Mr. District Attorney, as to who could have wanted to murder "Satyr" Cleaby?

Cherchez la Femme!

WHAT'S GOING ON TODAY

11:00 A. M. Mrs. Emmet Finley will stall new Ford in middle of Fifth Avenue and 38th Street.

12:00 M. Purnell ("Dare-Devil") Rogers will chase straw hat through crowded traffic, Broad Street.

2:43 P. M. Hook and Ladder Company No. 6 will answer false alarm, Vesey Street.

3:00 P. M. Demonstration of the manufacture of Turkish cigarettes in front window of K. Poppopopolous' tobacco store, 56 West 48th Street; open to general public.

3:15 P. M. S. Rabinowitz, family and furniture will be ejected from their former residence, 557 Hester Street.

3:30 P. M. Master Harley Plush will detach himself from his mother's hand and become total loss in crowd, Sixth Avenue and 35th Street.

3:49 P. M. Mrs. McElroy Plush, mother of Master Harley Plush will discover loss and will promptly faint, Gimbel's Store, third floor, rear.

5:19 P. M. Conductor James Hooley will reprimand young man for leaning against bell, Fifth Avenue Bus No. 638, Route No. 5.

8:45 P. M. Miss Isabell Nussbaum will entertain neighbors with popular music on her new player piano; The Portaferry, West 83rd Street.

9:33 P. M. "What's the Matter With Ireland?" soap-box lecture will be delivered by Aloysius Ginsberg, Columbus Circle, North.

"SUE" TWILL SEEKS MILLION HEART BALM

(Continued from sixth page)

Sandusky. Of course I knew that Ole (she explained, with a wistful little smile, that that was her pet name for Mr. Mullen), of course I knew that Ole was married. In fact, he has been married three times since I first met him.

"But after all, what is marriage? Do you not feel that it is a foolish relic of the Victorian age when women were little better than slaves? Is our love less sacred because no minister ever muttered a few words over us?"

"Ole has ruined my life—and now he's got to PAY. He's got to pay big. I'll get that crook, if it's the last thing I ever do."

When interviewed by a SUNDAY LIFE reporter at his luxurious apartments in the West Side Y. M. C. A., Mr. Mullen is said to have stated:

"There must have been some mistake."

ODDITIES IN THE DAY'S NEWS

Norwalk woman eats clams and discovers lover missing twenty-seven years.

Couple in Wilmerding, R. I., fall sixty feet and land laughing.

Empty house in Rosh, Wisconsin, disappears during night and is found next morning floating in lake.

Lightning sweeps butter off ear of corn being eaten by Plimith, O., man.

MAIL "SPEEDS" AT HALF MILE PER YEAR RATE

Gallus Letter, Posted in 1883, Galloped to Gotham Goal in Nearly 40 Years

A letter mailed in Rutherford, N. J., nearly forty years ago, was delivered at its New York destination yesterday, thereby establishing what is believed to be a record. The letter, postmarked Jan. 19, 1883, was received by Ames J. Thunkmorton, of 2653 1/4 Seventh Ave., a Civil War veteran, who was living with relatives at the time that the letter was mailed. The writer of the letter was the Little Falls Suspender Co., and the letter itself referred to the shipment of a pair of suspenders to the veteran, who, it was alleged, had through some inadvertence failed to remit the proper amount.

Postal officials were at a loss to explain how the letter had remained undelivered in the thirty-two years that Burleson was not Postmaster-General.

BIG GALE MAKES HAVOC

(Continued from seventh page)

home, "and the first thing I knew a tremendous cracker-box was flung against my chest and upper head. I immediately called for the police and here I am."

The wind played odd pranks in the Twine Hill section, pulling all the stitches out of a sweater on which Miss Edna Ramble of 375 Half Division St. was working and throwing Miss Ramble into a nearby Gloucester hammock with such force that she was not found until ten hours later.

Little Beatrice Noggici, age three, of 111 Ventricle Drive, was playing at lynching a tiny comrade in the lot behind her father's store when the storm broke. The wind lifted her from the ground and carried her seven miles across the bay where it deposited her unhurt in a marsh. On being picked up by George LaBlert, of 1653 North Dee St., however, it was discovered that the violence of her experience had changed her into a five year old boy. Mrs. Noggici was prostrated on being informed of the accident to her daughter, but Mr. Noggici, who saw the reporters, said: "I always wanted a boy anyway. I have nothing to say."

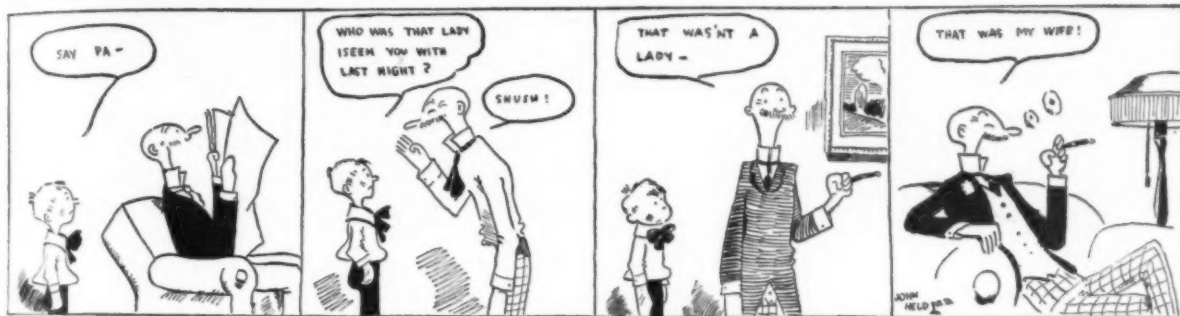
WRENTHAM, Sept. 7.—This section of the state was swept by a terrific storm of rain and duck's-eggs late today. Lightning wrought strange havoc in several instances, striking the steeple of the Renfrew Congregational Church eleven times in succession within ten minutes. An investigation is being held.

LISTEN, Sept. 7.—The storm which did such damage in the northern part of the state late today and early yesterday took the form of a shower of moths in this township. Moths estimated at fourteen or fifteen ounces apiece in weight fell, covering the ground to a depth of three or four inches in some places. Such a phenomenon has not occurred here since 1850, and it has since been proved that it did not occur then.

THE GUMPS

with apologies to Sid Smith

You Gotta Hand It to Andy



BRINGING UP FATHER

with apologies to Geo. McManus

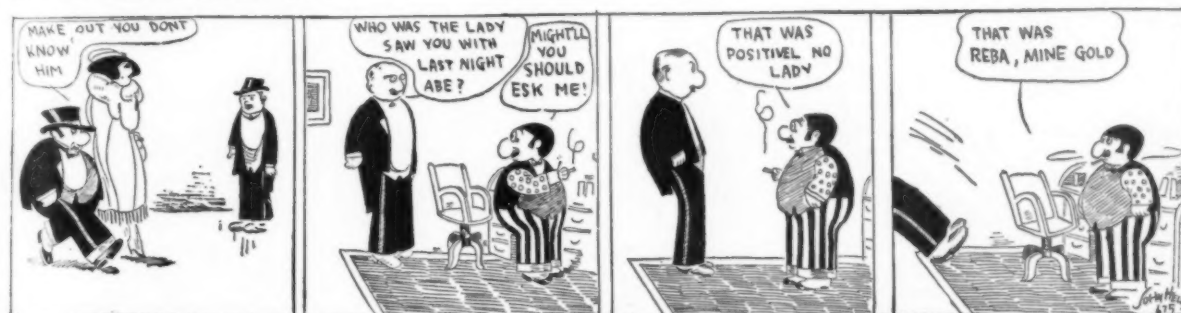
Jiggs Pulls a Boner



ABIE THE AGENT

with apologies to Hershfield

Oi, Oi!



THE HALL ROOM BOYS

with apologies to MacGill

Ho, Hum



In the World of Sport

SOX GO TO 2d PLACE AS COBB HITS TRIPLE PLAY

Game Called as Rain Halts Play.
Cleveland 26, Reds 0.

FENWAY PARK, Sept 2nd.—The Yanks are sitting pretty at the top of the American League as a result of their defeat today by the Pirates, which dropped them into eighth place. The local boys started out with a rush, but lagged in the seventh inning, when Shocker performed an ascension, and were finally nosed out at the final gong, Chicago winning by a score of 11 to 0.

It was a weird contest, closely contested throughout, teeming with hectic plays, fraught with excitement, overflowing with thrills and generally interesting. Cobb clouted the first ball pitched into the center field bleachers, but was retired on a fast double play, Pick to Peck to Pratt to Ping to Pipp—the score at the end of the first inning remaining at 8 to 7, in favor of Brooklyn.

McGraw Springs Surprise

In the fourth inning, however, Baker walked, Sisler fanned, Walker tripled, Gowdy breezed, Marquard was awarded an intentional pass, Hornsby whiffed, Hoyt doubled, Meusel struck out—and the sacks were congested. Cap Anson then stepped to the plate and checked in with a four-ply wallop which tied the score.

After this, Alexander tightened up and pitched airtight ball, allowing the Athletics only twelve hits for a total of twenty-two runs.

Along Came Ruth

There was an amusing incident in the sixteenth inning when Babe Ruth came to bat with five men on base and cracked one of Mays's slants over the right field grandstand. Umpire Klem called it a fair ball. The Mastodon of Maul, who was by that time on his way to the showers, turned angrily and threw several bats at Klem. "What did you call that, you big cad?" bawled the Bam.

"It was a home-run," replied His Umps, putting on his mask and chest protector.

"Why, it was foul by a city block," shouted the Wazir of Wallop, as he tore the home-plate loose from its moorings. And then the fun began.

As a result of this set-to, the game was forfeited to San Francisco, the final score being Red Sox—2; Memphis—3.

Right after the contest, Their Majesties, King George and Queen Mary, graciously consented to pose for the Pathe News, and all hands arose while the national anthem was rendered. (The Box Score will be found on next page)

The Home-Run Race

Ken Williams, the St. Louis Socker, walked four times yesterday and took first place in the Maul Marathon. The tally:

Williams ('08)	92
Hornsby ('16)	91
Walker ('10)	90
Ruth ('24)	29*
Prince of Wales (Ucc.)	5

(*)—Not counting foul balls.

ELIS TRIM MORVICH IN HENLEY GRID TILT

Tilden, Using Trudgeon, Hurls Circuit
Clout as Foe Chucks Sponge.

Before a crowd that filled the historic stadium to overflowing, and amid the cheers of thousands of enthusiastic alumni and their

fair companions, the brawny sons of Scranton Correspondence School overwhelmingly defeated their ancient rivals, The Glen Ridge Theological Seminary, yesterday by a score of 17—0. The Yellow and Pink of Scranton, and the Mauve of Glen Ridge transformed the old gray amphitheater into a veritable riot of color. Mortimer Klotz, the big blond Scranton captain, was the individual star of the day.

Scranton won the toss and chose the north side. Beamish, who was in the box for Glen Ridge, dubbed his drive, landing in the rough along the edge of the fairway. A loud cheer went up from the Yellow and Pink contingent as Klotz recovered the ball and drove a sizzling back hand to the base line, catching Beamish out at third.

At this point it looked like anybody's race. McGurk punted for Glen Ridge, but misjudged his distance, landing in a sand trap. Down the track past the half furlong mark came Klotz galloping, his yellow and pink colors gleaming in the sun. Feinberg of Glen Ridge missed a flying tackle by inches. Over the line he sped, breaking the tape just as the whistle blew the end of the first chucker. Score: S. C. S.—9. G. R. T. S.—0.

Beamish Lands

The Glen Ridge team trotted out onto the field at the beginning of the second frame, with a look of dogged determination on their faces. Beamish swung with a vicious left hook for the jaw, and Feinberg staggered against the ropes. A short approach with the mashie left Glen Ridge on the edge of the green with an easy putt for a par five. But Klotz decided to walk McGurk, who was the next man up.

Blomweiser, the little Maroon crowsain, now advanced to the plate. Carefully poising his cue he played the three ball for the side pocket. Like a flash Klotz was on top of him, and with a quick half-Nelson, wrested the puck from him and sent it shooting toward the enemy's goal posts. In vain the Maroon ends tried to stop him. He crouched over the handlebars and pedaled like mad. Beamish tried to get him on the five yard line, but slipped on the muddy field, and as the gaily colored launches and tugs tooted their horns and whistles Klotz shot by the buoy a victor.

Hits and Errors by "Initial Sack"



The Old Box Score

Across the trail of drifting years where looms the outbound way
I see the Man I Might Have Been and the Bloke I Am Today.
I might have hit Four-Twenty-Six instead of O-Two-Four,
But you cannot change the figures of

The
Old
Box
Score.

I used to think that Sisler was a dub, and Ruth a slob;
I thought that Wagner was a fliv, and so was Tyrus Cobb;
But Old Doc Time has traveled, and I'm clerking in a store,
For you cannot fool the guy who knows

The
Old
Box
Score.

I thought that I had Homer stopped and Byron was a lime,
But now across the Road of Life there stalks Old Doctor Time.
"You're out!" that Ultimate Umpire says. There isn't any more,
For you cannot beat the goof who keeps

The
Old
Box
Score.

Tris Speaker and Ty Cobb, grizzled veterans of many uncouth campaigns along the sport trail, are still slapping them out with all the untroubled abandon of pristine youth; Bobby Jones and Vinnie Richards, both of them within ear-shot of the cradle, are carrying their downy chins into the finals of more than one championship; Jack Dempsey, at twenty-eight, is standing more or less firmly on the dizzy pinnacle of an Alexandrian career; Morvich is only three years old.

Which proves something, or nothing—in the order named.

When you've lost all hope in the Grandoldope,
You have grounds for a protest—but
The bloke who wins is the gink who grins
When he foozles a six-inch putt!

HOW THE CHAMP TRAINS

By Irvin



BILFF WHIPS TRAUBE IN ATHENS RING BATTLE

Haymaker Lands in Sixth R'd

Athens, Greece, Saturday.—In the sixth round of a scheduled three round bout, Harry A. ("Spider") Bilff knocked out Cumberland W. ("Frisco") Traube with a right hook to the left frontal brain-lobe. The Spider scored knockdowns in the first, second, third, fifth, sixth and eighth rounds, and had his man groggy up to the final gong.

The winner weighed 283½ lbs., while the loser tipped the beam at 314½.

TRAUBE KAYOS BILFF BEFORE RECORD CROWD

Golden State Boy to Challenge Dempsey

Athens, Greece, Saturday.—Knocking his opponent down in every round of their six round set-to at the Elks' Hall here tonight, "Frisco" Traube stopped "Spider" Bilff in handy style. Although forced to give away forty pounds to his bulky opponent, Traube had his man on the ropes at the finish.

The California boy announced after the battle that he would next challenge Jack Dempsey and Joe Lynch.

Yankees' Box Score

NEW YORK													PORTCHESTER												
W'gn'r	ss.	6	8	2	1	2	9						P'ck'p'gh	ss	1	3	0	0	6	1					
Z'mm'n	3b	0	0	0	0	0	0						K'ly	lb.	7	0	0	0	13	0					
C'll'ns	2b.	1	4	0	6	0	5						D'n'n	cf.	0	5	1	8	0	8					
Sp'k'r	cf.	4	0	0	2	9	1						D'm'ree	p.	3	0	16	0	7	0					
M'ride	1b.	11	0	0	0	6	22						Sch't	ss.	9	2	1	4	0	2					
K'r	r.	1	0	9	7	0	0						W'm'b'g	ss	2	4	2	6	9	8					
B'die	lf.	8	0	12	0	4	3						Arch'r	c.	2	0	5	31	1	14					
Sch'lk	c.	0	18	0	27	0	0						Ald'r	ch	ss.	11	11	11	11	11					
P'nk	p.	2	9	30	0	7	2						Sh'w'ky	p.	0	5	1	0	0	3					
													Ad'ms	p.	7	9	11	13	15	17					
Totals		54	0	6	2	9	0						Totals		6	1	0	2	3	4					

*Batted for Ruth in 10th inning.
†Batted for Cobb in 2nd inning.
‡Pitched for Johnson in 6th inning.
§Caught for Meyers in 13th inning.
¶Four out when winning run was scored.

Two base hits—Kelly (3), Hoyt, Meusel. Three base hits—Demaree, Young, Bradburne (8). Home Runs—Everybody. Sacrifice Flies—Herzog. Double Plays, Wingo to Ward to Wingo to Ward to Wingo to Ward to Wingo. Left on Bases, Phillies, 2; Browns, 27. Hit by pitched ball, Judge Landis. Struck out—by Marx, 0; by Mogridge, 0; by Uhle, 0. Winning Pitcher—Schupp; Losing Pitcher—Schupp. Umpires—Klem and Chilli. Time of game—9:45. Attendance—4.

SOLONS TO CONVENE

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, Chief Magistrate of baseball, is expected to foregather with Will H. Hays, dictator of the film industry, to formulate plans for a reciprocal agreement so that persons banned from each of their respective organizations will find employment in the other. A ball player who is barred from the diamond will be given a job with a film company or, on the contrary, vice versa.

Mr. Hays is quoted as saying that this healthy spirit of co-operation will win out in the end.

SPRALL WITNESS ON STAND STUNS GRILLERS

(Continued from seventh page)

a certain yachtsman, and that on one occasion she was seen in company with him in Cape Town.

Called to the stand by Mrs. Sprall's attorney, the owner of "Happy III" and other prize-winning beagles presented an appearance of debonair indifference. He glanced at his wife only occasionally and then only to throw paper-weights at her.

"Mr. Sprall, do you remember ever having been in Rangoon?" he was asked.

A.—"No."

Q.—"What were your relations with Mrs. Bredish during the three years you lived together?"

A.—"My uncle and his wife."

Q.—"Do you think that is a funny thing to say, Mr. Sprall?"

A.—"It's as funny as anything you've said this afternoon."

Q.—"Where were you on the night of April 21, 1920?"

A.—"You must guess."

Q.—"Long Beach?"

A.—"Nopey, nopey. Guess again."

Q.—"Aw, come on now, Mr. Sprall, be a good lad and tell us where you were. I'm sure we all want to know, don't we boys?"

Hearings will be resumed today in the Pottery Dept., 8th Floor, at Wanamaker's.

WOMAN'S



PAGE

THE WOMAN ON THE AVENUE

A rather *recherché* idea, just imported from dear old Páree, is being shown in some of the shops of the better sort. Cute little jeweled cases made to hold your favorite plug or long cut made up in *très charmant* packages.

One of the season's most popular debutantes created quite a furore last week by promenading up the Avenue leading a tame zebra by a dainty pink ribbon. She says that she brought him from Deauville where pet zebras have become all the rage. It is hoped that this pretty custom will "catch on" here.

A lady from East Tawas, Michigan, writes us that she has found a way to use the pins that the laundry puts in her husband's shirts. "I take two pieces of cardboard," she writes, "three and a half inches by six. Through them I push the pins so that the points, projecting on the other side in even parallel rows, cover the entire surface of the cardboard. When finished it makes an attractive and inexpensive pair of military brushes. I intend to make several pair this year for yuletide gifts."

Six cakes of yeast, a quart of hops, and a silver plated bottle top fastener, all packed in a beautifully lacquered box, will make a welcome gift for your daughter at college.

FACTOGRAMS

Do you know that:

More Than 10,000
thread-crossings are made in fashioning the average suit of clothes?

George Washington
was the first President of the United States, Warren Gamaliel Harding being the twenty-ninth?

Scientists
have proved that fish cannot live more than a few minutes without a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen?

In 1895
\$500 was considered a large price for an oil painting, but nowadays \$100,000 is not considered excessive for certain types?

Port Jervis, N. Y.
in 1910 had an altitude of 441 feet above sea level?

Horseback Riding
is no new sport? Recent archaeological researches prove that it was indulged in far back as the time of Alexander the Great?

Maxims of a Bachelor Maid

By Helen Halibut

'Tis Love, 'tis Love that makes the world go round.

When husband comes in the door, Sweetie flies out of the window.

The hit-and-run is a good play in its place, but the kiss-and-run is the play to bring a man home.

In a taxi-cab, kisses are merely a form of meter insurance.

The greatest wonder in the world—"Where do you suppose he can be to-night?"

A cat is permitted to look at a king. And then she takes it upon herself to remark how frumpy his wife is.

WHAT DID YOU SEE TODAY?

"EVERY READER A REPORTER"

ONE "ON HIM"

On Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth street in Tuesday's midday crowd, a well-dressed, respectable man sneaked up behind a fashionably dressed, respectable woman. When directly in back of her, he raised his umbrella and brought it smartly down upon her head, crying, as he did so, "Cuckoo," in a loud voice. The woman turned around and exclaimed angrily, "Sir, what the h—! I am you trying to do?" The man's discomfiture was comical to see. He blushed violently, and finally stammered out, "Excuse me, lady, I mistook you for my wife!" Both laughed heartily over his absurd mistake.—Wu Ting Fang, 1 Riverside Drive.

MIRACLES WILL HAPPEN

While waiting in the subway for a Hunts Point local last Michaelmas Eve, I noticed a man go up to a slot machine, insert a coin, press the plunger and immediately receive a piece of chewing gum. As the train was rather slow in coming, four other men were prompted to do the same thing. A fifth man secured a bit of sweet chocolate.—Mohandas Chuckerjee, The New York Aquarium, Battery Place.

A WOMAN'S PRIVILEGE

At the soda fountain of the Farmers' Loan & Trust Company, I noticed a young woman order what she called a "Vampire's Scream." The soda clerk took a long dish. He then placed in it two slices of raw banana, a portion each of chocolate, vanilla and strawberry ice cream, four maraschino cherries, a spoonful of shredded pineapple, another of crushed raspberry, another of caramel syrup and another of hot maple fudge. Over this he sprinkled a plentiful dusting of powdered malted milk and garnished the whole with whipped cream and several slices of orange. As the clerk placed the completed confection upon the counter before her, the young woman changed her order to a small glass of grape juice.—LeR. M., East Peapack, N. J.

AUNT POLLY'S CHATS WITH YOUNG GIRLS

Have you ever thought, my dears, how many tears and heartaches you could save yourselves if you but knew the rudiments of Differential Calculus. So many girls write to their Aunt Polly each week to ease their broken hearts,—broken hearts that might have been spared had they learned in time.

If I had my way no young girl would go forth to face the snares and pitfalls that beset her in this wicked world, until she had first learned the divine principles of Differential Calculus and the Theory of Surds and Determinants.

"Aunt Polly, dearest," writes "Heartbroken" on daintily scented pink notepaper, "I'm in a jam because the goof I'm keeping company with catches me with a cake eater at Coney and beans me with a crowbar."

Don't you see, "Heartbroken," that your silly thoughtless conduct may have unwittingly given pain to others. But it is clear to Aunt Polly that the fault lies, not with "Heartbroken," but with those who did not warn her in time. From her letter it is plain that the little lamb does not know even the binomial theorem, much less the rules of Differential Calculus.

My dears, let the fate of poor little "Heartbroken" be a lesson to you. Seize your opportunity before it is too late. Then when you have mastered Calculus and the Surds and Determinants (how I used to adore them when I was your age!) perhaps you will find time for a little Rotary Engineering, so that you may realize the ambition that your Aunt Polly has for you, and become fine, clean and generous American women.

Tomorrow's Menus

For a family of parents, two children, and night watchman, one small steer should be enough to provide the breakfast chipped beef. Rice is at the height of its season now, and the thoughtful housekeeper should let the family have more than they can eat of it.

Breakfast			
Moulded Rice	with Watercress		
Sugar			Cream
Chipped Beef	served in Package		Butter
Toast	Coffee		
Luncheon			
Bread	Bread and Butter	Sandwiches	Butter
	Water		
Dinner			
Stuffed Tomato	Bisque		Cheers
Laughter	Barbecued Ox		
Corn on Cob	Plum Pudding	Corn off Cob	
Applause	Shouts of "go on!"		
	Individual Turkish Baths		

Love Through the Ages



Drawn by
RALPH BARTON



AH, Dan Cupid! When first your azure barque swiftly flew across the myrtle and jasmine abyss of winged gossamer, little thought you that your nymph-haunted tresses would span some rich-embroidered Illyrian vale. Yet—and yet, like the crimson stained serviette of a watermelon-eater, the gentle magic of your sweet sylvan music is heard through opal-hued anemones, and you know it. O Love! O Life! O Boy!

The sheep are shod in Arcady, but what care the pair of turtle-doves in the—the—drawing? She, one of Cleopatra's handmaidens; he, her dancing-partner. Her eyes of pearl and porphyry roll like a becalmed shallop in an urn of lucid jade. His oafish smirk is love-born. For 'twas the silly season in Babylon as these twain billed and cooed.

Whispering sweet nothings into the *chou-fleur* ear of a nearby mask of Buddha, they seal their lips with a tender and tremulous buss. The whole thing is perfectly sticky.

But, lo! With panting strides doth Cupid beat it down the ages holding, 'twixt fat thumb and forefinger, the Spark of Love. Chidden on his lime-strewn way by ebon-orbed faeries, his clattering

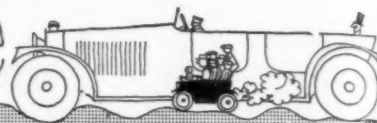
hoofs pay no heed to the parched lips of the Great Lovers of History Passes he by Abraham Lincoln, Diogenes, Mark Hanna, Susan B. Anthony—all!—and plants the spark from that far Caledonian shore fair in the bosoms of a simple gunman and his moll. Anon, he looks on her and she on him with eyebrows heaving like those of some exotic camel weeping under a straw. With twining hands, they make their way through marble veneered halls to launch the Honeymoon Ship, for there was *always* one—and *will* always be.

No use to eat the great gold world and have a silver-lined one, for she is the *pomme-de-terre* of his eye and he of hers. Sing ho! Ship ahoy! Honeymoon Ship is on its way and no man shall put asunder the amethyst waves of lace-like joy-tears that bear the precious burthen straight adown the pomegranate path into the purple mystery of Alimony.

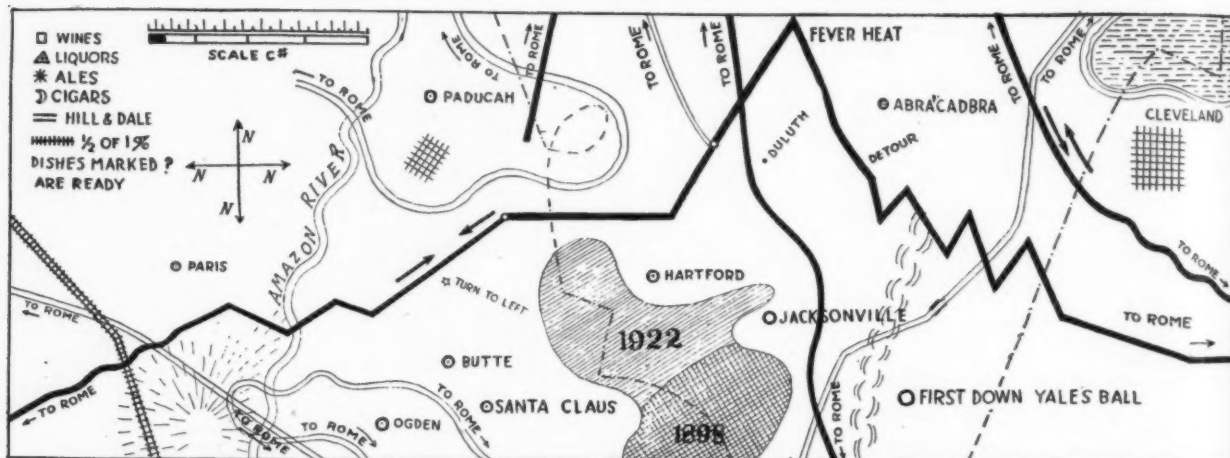
Yes, there they shall go—him and her. Only Cupid and Madame Blatvatsky know the thin secret of their former lives—though, 'course, there *may* be a WORD or two thereanent on a sable-spotted police-blotter here and there.

(With no apologies to Our Nell Brinkley)

Motor Page



Through Nature's Paradise to Vacation Land by Motor



The motorist who finds himself with a Saturday afternoon and Sunday at his disposal—and who can stay away from the office until a week from Thursday if the worst comes to the worst—cannot do better than try the little jaunt to Rome, as shown in the accompanying map. It is an easy day's journey which the experienced motorist can make in about a week.

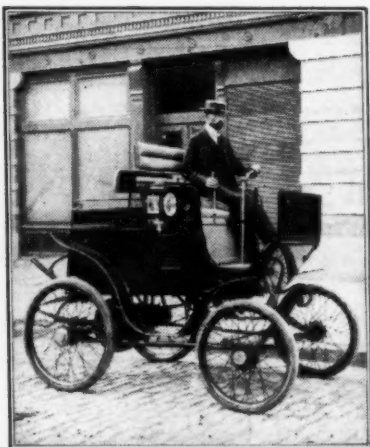
If he makes his start shortly after breakfast the motorist will do well to carry a little lunch. If there is only one thermos bottle some of the family will want it filled with coffee and the remainder with ice water, but this is not a serious difference of opinion, since the bottle will be forgotten at the last

minute anyhow. The experienced traveler, in making ready his lunch, will generally send out for a quantity of good red ants and pack them with the sandwiches, rather than take chances with those found at the picnic grounds.

Leaving the house, the motorist will drive straight ahead for four miles, then turn and come back for Johnny's overcoat. The discussion about whether to put up the side curtains is then in order. If the decision is in the affirmative a jolly time can be had deciding which goes where. The entire party can join in this contest, and the laughter is certain to be merry when it is discovered that these are the curtains for last year's car.

In this way the morning will pass, and the motorist may eat his lunch at home. Getting under way bright and early in the afternoon, the motorist will easily make Wambsbans in the first hour. An excellent quality of pennant—incribed "We Have Been to Wambsbans—Have You?"—may be purchased here.

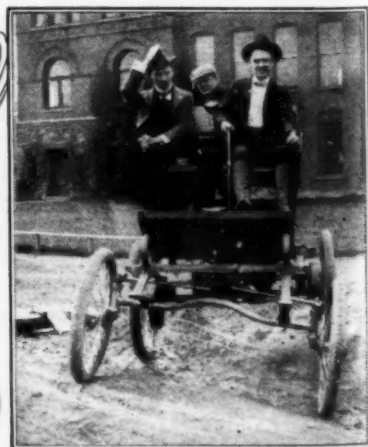
After this one thing will lead to another, almost too rapidly. The motorist will want to visit Five-Mile-Point, at which elevation (1105.7) there is afforded a splendid view of three states, four lakes, and six villages, in the order named. The souvenir shop at Five-Mile-Point is internationally famous for having the largest and most varied stock of Hershey's almond bars.



SNAPPY 1924 MODEL of the Purvis "Sprint-About," which will play either Victor or Columbia records. Mr. Vincent Dim, who is at the wheel, is wearing one of the snappy new Purvis chain drives on his eye-glasses.



HOWARD H. ("BILLY") URCK, popular sales manager for the Schenckmann Six, is "putting" his latest product "over" with cheering success. As may be seen from his expression, "Billy" is looking forward to an era of prosperity.



SPEED DEMONS rounding Death Curve on the Indianapolis Speedway in the big road race for the St. Nicholas Gold Badge, which started in 1892. The boys are now on their fourteenth lap and expect to finish before Christmas.

The Greatest Fiction Story of the Year!!

"OLIVER TWIST"

The Tale of a Kiddie's Heart Through
the Ages

by Gertrude Mult

(Fictionized from the screen version of
Charles Dickens's novel)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters:

Oliver Twist, the youthful hero of our yarn, is born at a workhouse in historic England. Though he never has a chance to know the sacred influence of mother-love, he is entrusted at an early age to the tender care of a nurse named Mrs. Thingummy. Things go on in this vein for some time, until the child's ninth birthday, when he is taken in hand by the beadle, Mr. Bumble, and set to work picking oakum from the old oakum bucket.

Now go on with the story:—

Little Oliver was in a quandary!

He did not know how to face the problems which confronted him—problems that would have baffled a far maturer mind than his, let it be added.

Oliver was hungry!

That fact stood out clearly in the muddled turmoil of ideas which clouded his thoughts as particles of mud cloud the fair waters of a crystal pool.

He wanted food!

And because Oliver Twist was the type of boy who usually get what they want—he intended to have it.

So he grasped his little porridge bowl and, striding boldly up to the genial old cook, said, in a voice that rang through the rafters of that age-old English mansion,

"Please, Mister, tan me have tum more?"

(To be continued under protest)

Read this big, smashing serial in **SUNDAY LIFE**—and see the picture at your favorite film theatre.

A Blind (?) Beggar

From the Spokane (Wash.) Pal

According to Albert Bigelow Paine, one of the most pronounced traits in Mark Twain's many-sided character was his sense of humor.

Mr. Paine tells of an occasion when Mark Twain was in Taormina. His sympathies having been excited by a blind beggar, he paused to say a few kind words to the poor fellow.

"Well, my good man, how does it feel to be blind?" Twain inquired.

"Aw—go take a jump in the lake," the beggar replied, and Twain was compelled to smile in spite of himself.

PEPPIGRAMS

A man is as old as he feels.

* * *

If a thing's worth doing at all—it's worth doing well.

* * *

Team-play is the spirit that wins.

* * *

Do It Now!

VERSE OF THE WEEK

Pear Blossom

(From The Manchester Mush-Ox)

The apple tree scratches and rasps at my window;

Sick and twisted it is, with the gnarling years.

It raises its boughs to the Heavens, whining for rain,—

Rain that rolls down blowsy clouds, like strumpets' tears.

And I say to my heart, "These are the things that matter:

A field of young lettuces, stretching clean and cool and wide;

The feel of earth; and the smell of crisp, new thistles;

And the weary plough-horse, that dreams by the fireside."

Fiona McCrumb.

You Are a Little Like April

(From Good Times: A Magazine of the New Verse)

My spirit smothers in this prison-house, This stultifying cage of flesh, this cell.

I pant to cast it from me, as the husks Drop from the still, gold wonder of the corn.

I go at midnight to the moon-cold pool, And stand there, lithe and stifling; gazing—deep

At this effrontery of white young flesh, And cry aloud to burst these galling bonds. Air, air, air.....Give it me, give it me!

Waldemar Fringe.

The Three Blue Women o' Lochmalone

(From Inertia)

The three blue women o' Lochmalone,

They sit at their wheels all day.

And the peat-bogs echo the seagull's moan, But never a word they say.

The three blue women o' Lochmalone,

Their shuttles rattle and creak.

And the fisherwives keen a long "Ochrone," But never a word they speak.

The three blue women o' Lochmalone,

The threads of them twist and break.

And the Devil sits fine on his shining throne, But never a crack they make.

Seumas Ahrensbacher.

You Said It

From the Fort Wayne (Ind.) Nubbin.

President Harding states that he thinks the tariff is a pretty good thing.

Well—maybe he's right, at that.

OUR LONDON LETTER

News and Gossip of Men and Affairs in the British Capital.

(Special Correspondence to SUNDAY LIFE)

London, S. W. 2, Eng., Sept. 1.—What is described by many of the oldest inhabitants as the toughest fog in eighteen years has settled over London, covering all districts, from Tooting to Stoke Newington, on the north, with what *The Times* calls "a veritable wet blanket." People are rushing from all corners of the United Kingdom to view the weird phenomenon, and the hotels are crowded. The Poet Laureate has not as yet issued a statement.

Rumors of another royal wedding continue to drift through the air of this typical English autumn, and it is a significant fact that the Prince of Wales has not been near the offices of Thomas Cook & Son to arrange his railway bookings for the season.

There are vague whisperings to the effect that His Royal Highness is shortly to wed a Balkan princess; others aver that the new chatelaine of St. James Palace will be Gilda Gray; whereas there are many savants in Bloomsbury circles who predict that our future queen is none other than the littlest of the Duncan sisters.

When pressed for an opinion on the subject, the Poet Laureate stated that he didn't even know the Prince had been sick.

"We're off for San Moritz" is the cry of many of those whose names are wont to loom large in the Court Calendar, and it does seem that the popular Swiss resort will be even more popular during the coming "winter season". As Lord Frederick Hamilton once observed, "It is certainly a swell place".

Among those who are hieing each other to the Riviera for complete rest from public duties is the Poet Laureate, Sir Robert Bridges.

THE LOITERER.

A Line o' Rhyme

When you've come home from work and found your house in cinders on the ground; when your good wife, in moment lax, has brained your mother with an axe, and wearied of her hum-drum toil, has drowned the kids in boiling oil, then, leaving flat your bed and board, fled with the ice-man and the Ford; when you have watched your business fail, and seen your poor old dad in jail; don't toss and turn upon your cot, and view the woes Dame Care has brought; don't let George Trouble carry on, put up your dukes, don't cringe and fawn; don't let your worries crow and whoop, just knock them for a cock-eyed loop; take off that frown, and wear a smile, and watch George Trouble run a mile; keep smiling and you'll find, my son, this good old world is full of fun.



SEPTEMBER 7, 1922

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Vol. 80. 2079

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NEW YORK, SUNDAY, SEPT. 3, 1922.

EDITORIALS

A THOUGHT FOR TODAY:

Astigmatism is making great strides among the women of India.

THE LAST STRAW

Not since the days of the Know-Nothing party has this country witnessed such an exhibition of *laissez-faire* as is now taking place in Washington. Following each other in swift succession the Renish-Gongover Bill, the report of the Klaub Committee, the half-hearted attempt to swim from the Statue of Liberty to Land's End, and the way the biscuits were baked this morning, all constitute a record of which the Republican party, or the Democratic party for that matter, can hardly be proud.

As LIFE has pointed out before, no nation can exist for long without some sort of method in handling its water supply. It is of no avail to bury one's head in the sand and trust to the Railway Labor Board. Far better bury the Railway Labor Board in the sand and trust to one's head.

Matters are approaching a crisis. Facts must be faced. If the Administration is unable to cope with the situation, if the people of the United States are unable to cope with it, if the assembled nations of the world are unable to cope with it, then the editorial staff of this paper must be called in to settle the thing.

The choice is yours, Mr. President!

CLOSING THE ARGUMENT

Our courteous neighbor, the *Courier-Times-Journal*, accuses us of misquoting its editorial in which it attacks us for misquoting a still earlier editorial in that paper written in reply to an editorial in this paper charging the *Courier-Times-Journal* with misquoting one of our editorials. We have no wish to enter into an argument with our venerated contemporary, but we can not allow its gross misstatement of facts to cloud the issue.

The *Courier-Times-Journal* quotes us as saying that "never before has the legislative arm of our government been called upon to put out fires." It then goes on to point out that in 1891 the New York State Legislature was impressed into service for this purpose.

Any one not deliberately blinded by prejudice would have known that this instance was implied in our editorial. We hardly thought it necessary to cite it. We forgot that our revered opponent was in such a state of moral senescence that it counted no argument too petty, no point too minute, to be used in an attack on us. Let the matter be closed with our calling the editors of the *Courier-Times-Journal* a bunch of crooked low-lives who don't know enough to—to—to come in when it rains.

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY

Today marks the seventy-first birthday of John Perkish, a leading citizen of this city and president of our largest department store. We take this opportunity to congratulate the venerable merchant prince on his services to the community in establishing the Perkish Fund for Band Concerts, his many gifts of time and money to our various charities, and his constant utilization of advertising space in our newspapers. May he live to be a hundred years young.

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

A Missing Boy

To the Editor of LIFE:

Will you be good enough to ask the help of your readers throughout the United States to help a mother find her lost son? The police have been useless in giving help, but I do not wish to stop trying to find him until every aid has been used. Robert was seven years old when he disappeared from his home. He was wearing a wash sailor suit, blue, with cap to match. He was last seen at 1:45 P. M. today. It is now 1:58 and no trace of him has been found. Please help send him back to

A Heartbroken Mother.

Are We Impolite?

To the Editor of LIFE:

Having been a resident in New York for more than three months I want to say that I think New York men are the most impolite in the world. The writer is a Western girl and used to the politeness of the men in God's Country, especially when in street-cars. Not once during my residence here has any man offered me his seat in subway, elevated, or surface car. Is this the Eastern civilization they told me was so fine? Rather the reverse, I think.

(Mrs.) Hannah L. Steemer.

The Fly Wheel

By "The Fly Wheeler"

THE PROFANE COLYUM CONDUCTOR

The happy crowds flock to the countryside,
While some to the sea do swarm,
But the colyumist swelters his desk beside,
Though the weather is moist and warm.
In an office as gay as an empty barn,
Through days that are hot as—well,
He dashes off jokes, with a murmured d-rn,—
Oh, a colyumist's life is h-l-l!

First the coal strike, and then the railroad strike. One more strike, and the public will be out.

OH, WRITE YOUR OWN HEADING FOR THIS!

Miss Lydia Mae Bacon and Mr. Otto C. Liver were married last night at the home of the bride's parents, 411a South Scrod Street.—Vogel Falls (Minn.) *Courier-Face-cloth*.

Well, there's one sure thing about the Russian situation. No matter how they come out over there, it will never be a close shave for the Bolsheviks.

Even short skirts, strikes, and the Volstead act cannot take our mind off the welcome news that Herbert J. Carburetor runs a dry goods shop at 42 Crutch Street, Little Falls; Horace Paperhanger is a swimming instructor at Cluttered Beach, N. J.; Wladislaw J. Lather is an electrician up on Central Park West, and Miss Inez R. Hangnail is head waitress at the Hotel Cantaloupe in Fall River, Mass. And yet ol' Bill Shakespeare started all that agitation about there being nothing in a name!

MY, HOW SHORT THE SKIRTS ARE GROWING!

Mary had a little lamb,
But that is not the half,—
We see without a diagram
She had a little calf.

Jay Ell Efl.

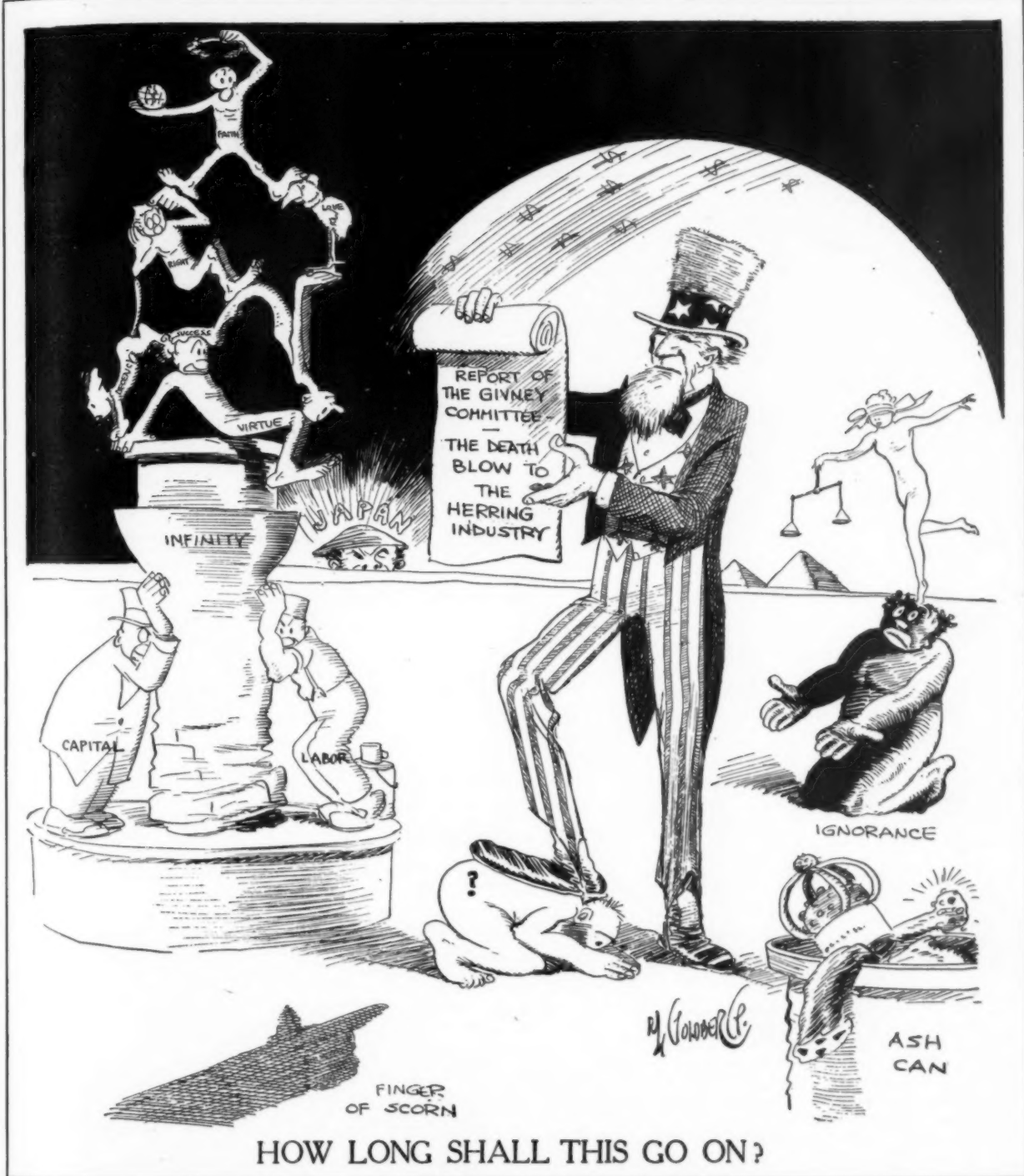
Our idea of a really soft job is to be appointed manager of a chain of barber shop over in Russia.

The fashion dispatches from Paris say that long skirts are coming into style again. They can't make us mad. As the optimist said when he was struck blind, "Well, I've seen about everything."

Many vacationists, these days, have turned out to be the boys that put the "shun" into "prohibition" and are rushing the "can" into "Canada."

Lenine and Trotsky may be double-faced, but even their worst enemy couldn't say that they are smooth-faced liars.

Venice town hall is destroyed by flames early today.—Headline.
Hot Doge!



HOW LONG SHALL THIS GO ON?

A PICTURE AND A LESSON

Study the picture above. Study the facts as Mr. Goldberg has presented them in his powerful cartoon. They tell the story better than mere words could. Then decide which side you are going to be on in one of the greatest problems that has ever faced our COUNTRY. As a thinking AMERICAN there is only one side you CAN take! That is the side of RIGHT and PROTECTION FOR AMERICAN INDUSTRY! The FACTS are clear. There is nothing any red-blooded AMERICAN can do after such an appeal to his intellect, except to sit down now and WRITE to YOUR CONGRESSMAN. TELL HIM JUST HOW YOU FEEL. Tell him that if the

GIVNEY BILL passes you will put him on a ROLL OF DISHONOR, which his TRAITOROUS name will lead!

The AMERICAN PEOPLE LOVE THEIR HERRING. They have every right to love it, just as they have every right to love the air they breathe and all like that. Mr. Goldberg leaves us to guess the identity of the craven figure under Uncle Sam's foot. YOU KNOW WHO IT IS! AND I KNOW WHO IT IS! IT IS SENATOR ARTHUR SMUCK GIVNEY, the father of the Anti-Herring Bill, the BLACKEST spot on the BLACKEST Page of our history! FIGHT IT!



Financial Page



GOOD TIMES COMING SAYS J. L. GONNICK

Bridge Magnate Returns From Europe
Optimistic and "Feeling Great"



JOSEPH L. GONNICK

Declaring that "good times are coming" and extremely optimistic in regard to American business during the coming year, Joseph L. Gonnick, president of the Joseph L. Gonnick Cantilever Bridge Company, returned from a three months' inspection tour of Europe

yesterday on the *Berengaria*. Mr. Gonnick, whose bridges are known everywhere, has been in Europe for over three months, and expressed himself as satisfied with the trend of business conditions there.

"Europe is getting along fine, everything considered," said Mr. Gonnick in a statement given the press. "I was more than satisfied at the attempts everyone was making to repair the damage caused by the war. I was particularly impressed by the general spirit of 'cheer-up,' as the phrase goes, which I noticed on all the faces around me. Smiles greeted me almost everywhere. I found the business men of France and England and Germany more than willing to meet our bankers to talk over future loans. I heard nothing but the friendliest feeling expressed for us when I sounded the business men abroad.

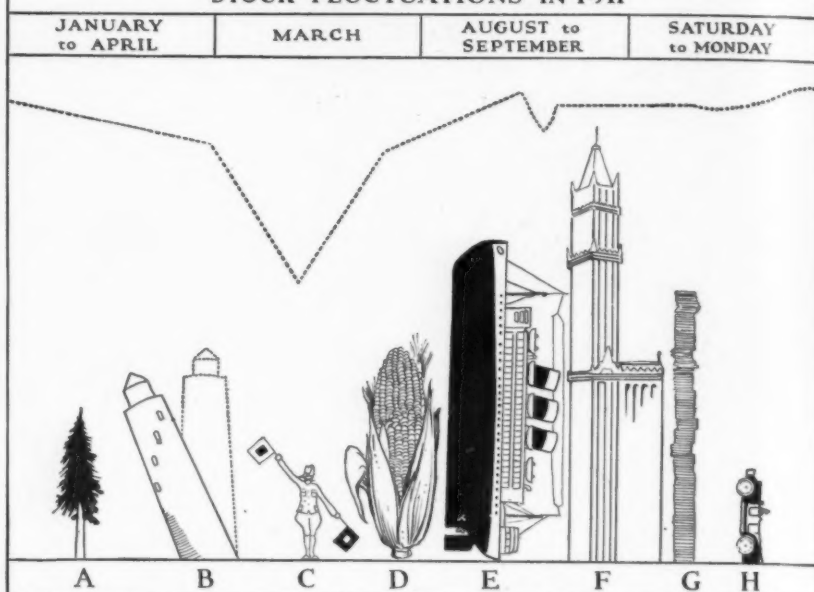
"I must raise a finger of warning, however, against overconfidence. The business men of America must get together and talk things over and do whatever they can. If we all co-operate I think everything will come out fine."

Mr. Gonnick was accompanied by Mrs. Gonnick and his daughter Barbara, who were presented at court. When asked by reporters at the dock for an opinion on the Will Hays appointment he said he thought it was "all right."

Mr. Gonnick's European tour extended over a period of three months.

John D. Rockefeller did not get up until 9:30 yesterday. The market recovered within an hour.

STOCK FLUCTUATIONS IN 1911



(A) California Redwood. (B) Leaning Tower of Pisa, and as it would look if straightened up. (C) U. S. Signal Corps at time of Spanish War (1898). (D) Kansas corn crop at end of last fiscal year. (E) S. S. Berengaria (Cunard Line). (F) Woolworth Tower, New York City. (G) Copies of *Saturday Evening Post* piled up. (H) Packard Twin Six. The dotted line at the top indicates the Fall and Rise of Susan Lennox.

STOCK QUOTATIONS

Saturday's market was firm and sales brisk. Third rails proved strongest as was expected and there was a general downward tendency, which did not cause alarm except in B't'l'g c and one or two other issues that have been active of late. The table shows Saturday's close, highest and lowest bids:

	Qts.	Pts.	Dr'ks.
Ap'le'j'ck pf	18	12	1½
Apr'c't Br'ndy	14	8	1½
Bac'r'di Air Line.....	15	8½	1¾
B't'l'g c	7	4	½
B't'l'g pf	10	6	1
Br'ndy	12	7	1½
Br'mo S'tlz'r	—	—	1/10
Eth'l Alc	4	2	¼
Gordon '22s	7	4	—
H'n'n'sy xxx.....	16	9	2
Rye pr.	12	6	1
Scotch c	12	6½	1
Sp'r'ts Am'n'ia	—	—	1/10

Harold Whinny, the thirteen-year-old messenger of Squam, Dingee and Co., delivered \$3,000,000 in Liberty bonds to the Sub-Treasury yesterday just as he had been asked to do.

HINTS TO INVESTORS

What to Do With \$300,000

Financial Editor LIFE:—I have been given the opportunity to acquire some Hot Baby Oil at 10 cents a share on a partial payment system which will give me entire and complete ownership of my stock (10,000 shares) in 1932. A Mr. Thompson is the agent and he says it will soon be on the market and bringing anywhere from \$10 to \$500 a share. Now what I want to know is this: If everything comes out as we expect would it be better to invest the \$300,000 I will make in railroad or real estate bonds? Harold Ross.

We do not think very much of railroad bonds at the present minute. Why not put it all back into the Oil company, which seems to be a splendid proposition?

The Market for Marks

Financial Editor LIFE:—I have recently bought a lot of German marks. F. P. A.

Both men look good and it only waits for the referee's decision to determine who wins.

A Bond Buyer

Financial Editor LIFE:—I wish to buy a bond for my little girl for her birthday present. What issue do you suggest? A. W.

B. & O. are rather pretty, though the printing is better on some of the Western roads. Municipal bonds would be interesting for a child of three if only for the pictures.

Melville N. Rope, former president of the Merchants' and Bee Keepers' Nat'l Bank, returned from a pleasant three month's stay in Canada yesterday, the indictment having been quashed.

Life—Sunday Edition

Rotogravure Section



SNAPPED AT LAST! England's recluse Prince of Wales, who has successfully evaded the eye of the camera until now, is here caught off his guard by our own staff photographer and shown in one of those informal moments which even royalty permits itself now and then.



A GOOD NATURED CROWD thronged Times Square last Tuesday, waiting for the returns from the Big Fight. The carnival spirit reigned and the police winked at petty disorders. Perhaps you can find your own somewhere in this sea of irresponsible faces.



A NASTY SPILL. The camera-man's shutter clicked just in time here to catch horse and rider in what looks like an ugly tumble at the water jump in the Essex Sweepstakes, Kentucky.



COLLEGE GIRLS IN ANNUAL "ROUGH-HOUSE." "Freshies" and "sophs" of St. Gladys' College for Women indulge in time-honored "camisole rush" on the campus. At this point of the hectic scrimmage the "sophs" appear to be getting the better of the argument, but at the cost of not a few broken heads, you may be sure.



ROYALTY'S NEW YEAR'S GREETINGS; The Queen has chosen the above from the hundreds of designs submitted for this year's remembrance.

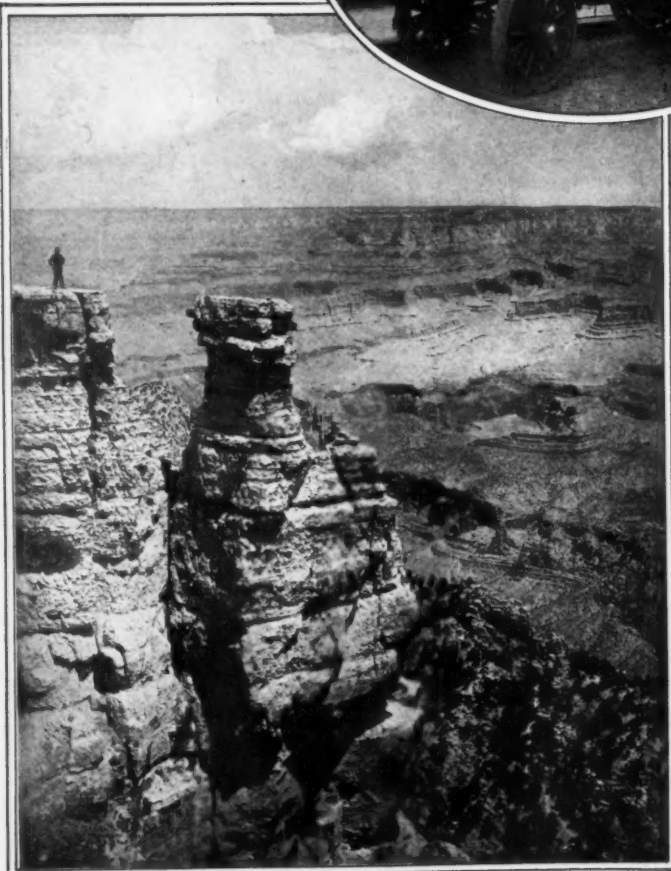
WHOO-EE! All aboard for beach-land! These lucky kiddies are but a few of the thousands who were given a day of fresh air and fun by Mayor Hylan's Committee on Plants and Structures last Saturday. The woe-begone youngster riding inside is being punished for "making faces." Member when you useter do it yourself?



PLINK-PLUNK! At the recent intercollegiate banjo contest this quintette of husky Princeton boys walked away with the honors, thereby earning for themselves the right to wear the coveted banjo insignia on their jerseys for one year.



EVEN PARIS GASPS AT THIS ONE. Take a look at this couple on the right, Mlle. Nini and Mons. Bobo, who are nightly setting "gay Paree" by the ears with their sensational acrobatic dance—*Le Typhon* ("The Typhoon"). Oo-la-la! Beaucoup jazz, n'est-ce pas?



NO, DEAR READER, THIS IS NOT the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. But Mother Nature herself might envy the work of the scenic artists in Hollywood who designed it as a setting for Jackie Coogan's forthcoming photo-drama, "The Old Home Town." It was built on the Coogan lot on a scale of 5280 feet to the mile and is said to have cost a great deal.



WE TAKE OUR HATS OFF TO these fair athletes of the Thaw hockey is not confined to mere man. The camera-man caught them in a whistle blew. After a tight contest, the Mauves won and with therefor for the Gillan C



SAILING AWAY on board the "Idle Hour" last Saturday were the three popular Renish sisters, dear to the hearts of film fans the world over, who are taking a well-earned vacation in Europe. Though coronets will doubtless be laid at their feet, all three laughingly insisted that American men are the only ones for them. So cheer up, boys!



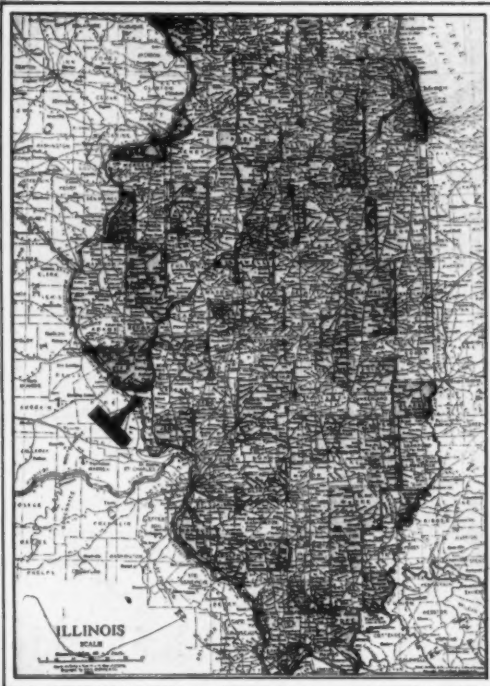
PAGE CONAN DOYLE! This extraordinary photograph is baffling scientists of two continents. Little Essie Wipp of Whimble Poges, Surrey, England, is shown surrounded by the ectoplasms of her spirit playmates, which she says are always with her. Essie herself took the photograph.



es of the Thaw A. C. who here demonstrate that the rough game of caught in a pell-mell scramble for the elusive puck just after the and therefore represent Mimble County in the forthcoming matches for the Gillan Cup.



WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING on the sands at Southampton where Society takes its daily dip? Probably they are speechless at this array of "flappers" and "male-hoppers" of the Four Hundred. In the center, surrounded by her sister "debbies" is Miss Muriel Beagle whose engagement was recently broken.



FIRST PHOTO FROM THE AIR showing a birds-eye view of the State of Illinois. This remarkable photograph was made by sticking together seven separate aerial snapshots. The white roof of Medill McCormick's summer place is seen just behind the trees. Note shadow of the aeroplane at left. (Rand-McNally Service.)



FRATERNAL ORDER PARADES BY SEA. A feature of the national convention of the Loyal Order of Beavers at Atlantic City was a parade headed by the Grand Exalted Ruler Fred H. Pratt and the Ladies' Auxiliary Band.



ROYAL COUPLE TO WED? Is Prince Slevitch, the heir to what was the throne of Schleppe-Brabantz, to marry Princess Sophie of Gleetch? Probably not.



PRIZE-WINNING FLOAT IN RAISIN STATE ROSE FESTIVAL. The governor himself presented the cup to this beautiful allegorical float representing the Triumph of Sanitation. Forty-two-year-old Gladys Lung is the proud captain.

RADIO PAGE

In the Air

MIK

(Prout's Neck, L. I. Tune to A, D, F#, B)
10. A. M. Zither symphony recital. M. Weymss center field and leader; T. Bone, left end; R. Purney, No. 6; F. X. Spindle, rover, and S. Leftwitch, alternate.

10.45 A. M. Fancy diving. Eileen Riggan, Olympic Champion.

4.20 P. M. Selected reading by Aunt Sarah M'Whisset—the Children's Hygienic Pootsie: Carter vs. Carter.

6.30 P. M. Inside information on the cultivation of boneless beams in Mesopotamia—illustrated (courtesy of the Yassim Kissim Y. M. H. A.).

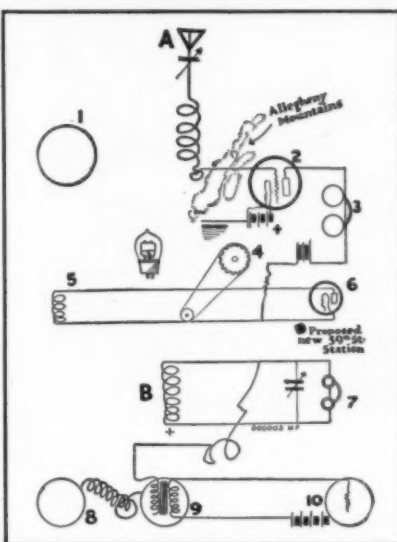
7.30 P. M. Card tricks, cannon ball juggling and Japanese equilibration by Merton F. Clabbing, aged 22 months (key changes to B minor).

8.00 P. M. High and Low Tide schedule for Zurp's Landing, Me., week ending July 27, 1904.

8.30 P. M. An evening of rollicking conundrums by the Men's and Girls' Outing Club of the Fire Underwriters' Association.

9.52½ P. M. East Kovno time signal (daylight saving).

Diagram Showing Connections of Tuning Coils



Coil A (out of Gelema by Insulation) is very well connected, being related on the paternal side to several admirals and James G. Blaine. On the other hand, Coil B (née Mullett) is badly hooked up, showing distinct traces of high pressure, four uncles in the Ku Klux Klan, a bridge-sharpening aunt and an inherited unnatural craving for solidified alcohol.

The ? Box

Q. I am having considerable trouble with my static. What would you advise? WZY, Newark.

A. Eat more fish.

Q. I have a double-action, hammerless, safety, waterproof, non-inflammable absorbent, prophylactic crystal detector on my outfit. I can hear WWX fine, but would also like to hear FHB, TBM, RIT, FAB, LUX and FPA. What can I do about it? Anxious.

A. Paint it with iodine.

Q. I have an alternating current power transformer which I use to develop the necessary plate voltage. Should I provide a second secondary coil for heating the filament of the oscillation tube? (2) As this adds to the life of the filament, is it not better than a direct current? Rheostat, Bensonhurst, L. I.

A. (1) B wins, but A is absolutely correct. (2) "Ode to a Skylark," by Percy Bysshe Shelley, lines 134-141.

"Benny," "Jo-Jo," "Red Murray," "Cornelius" and "Unhappy Father": I'm sorry, boys, but I really don't know Agnes Ayres' telephone number.

CLASSIFIED ADS

WANTED

ADDITIONAL WORLDS by young man desiring to do some quick conquering. Nothing considered but spheres in good working condition and capable of putting up a good fight. Alexander, G. H. Q., Thrace.

BRIGHT BOY desires position to stand on burning deck or building. Temperature no object. References furnished. Casablanca, Box 647.

YOUNG LADY with previous agricultural experience desires situation as farm hand near a court house. Maud Muller, Box 413.

STAIN REMOVER, for erasing spot from hand. Address Mrs. Macbeth, Room 203 Dunsinane Castle, Scotland.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, married, is anxious to execute commissions in England now that April's there. Accomplished letter writer. Speaks English and Italian fluently. Wife speaks Portuguese. Address, R. Browning, Gen. Del., Florence, It.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—An honest man. Description: two eyes, one nose, two arms, two legs. Liberal reward and no questions asked. Please notify Diogenes, Box 781, Athens, Greece.

FOUND—Honest man with hatchet in hand and three-cornered hat containing cherries. Address

Washington Plantation, R. F. D. No. 3, Mount Vernon, Va.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

MILLIONS TO INVEST in defensive measure conducted by the right parties. No attention paid to requests for tribute. Apply Samuel Adams, Concord, Mass., 9 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

TWO GOOD MEN—Young. Ambitious. No boozers. Experience unnecessary. Needed to stand at right and left hand for bridge guarding work. Address, Horatius, Police Dept., Rome.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

VENI, vidi, vici. C. J. Caesar. Branches in all important cities.

STEAMSHIP SAILINGS

THE ARK, sailing soon for Mount Ararat without stops at intermediate ports. A wonderful trip for your health. Accommodations for limited number of passengers. Live stock reservations also being made. For bookings apply Capt. Noah, c/o S.S. Ark.

S. S. MAYFLOWER—Delightful winter cruise to Sportsman's Paradise, touching at historic Provincetown, landing on Plymouth Rock. Passengers must be prepared to act as ancestors to all inhabitants of New England. American bar on board. Secure reservations through Miles Standish Travel Bureau.

FOR EXCHANGE

WILL EXCHANGE an old, gray head, more than slightly used, for red, white and blue flag. Barbara Frietchie, R. F. D. No. 9, Fredericksburg, Md.

GENTLEMAN in great hurry to leave city wants a horse. Must be in good condition. Unable to pay cash, but willing to trade kingdom for the right animal. Richard III, Windsor Castle, Eng.

WILL EXCHANGE one stuffed raven, and bust of Pallas for radio outfit. E. A. Poe, Bronx, N. Y.

INFORMATION WANTED

ANY PERSON having direct information as to what is so rare as a day in June, with corroborative proof of same, will be handsomely rewarded. Jas. R. Lowell, General Delivery, Cambridge, Mass.

"I Wanted the Gold—And I Got It!"

writes one of our advertisers (R. W. Service, Pete's Place, Yukon Territory).

He published his wants the SUNDAY LIFE way.

SUNDAY LIFE Want Ads bring RESULTS. Tel. Plaza 0747.

Books :: Movies :: Theatres

An Interesting Book

NINA'S NIBLICK, by Ruth McElwly Greech (Neakham, Brodd Co.). In her new novel Miss Greech tells the story of a young man, Roger Manship, who leaves his home in the Middle West to go into newspaper work in New York. He runs into evil companions who injure his ear-drum so that he is made deaf. In the same office with his rich uncle, Porter Manship, works a girl named Nina, who turns out later to have been the mother of Rascum, the little boy for whom Nesbit gave his life, but, of course, the young man does not know this when he first meets her. One thing leads to the other, and Roger and Nina become fast friends and name their first child after the faithful old Ludovici. There is a big scene in the jungle, where it is finally discovered that Dr. Crespin was in the employ of the railway company all the time, and all ends happily in a manner which to divulge here would be unfair to the author.

"Nina's Niblick" is well written for the most part and holds the reader's interest from beginning to end. Its character delineation is very good and the reader finds himself so interested that it is difficult to lay the book down once it has been taken up. We look for promising things from Miss Greech after she has had her head blown off.

News-Notes from Bookland

George Elright Strem, author of "The Planting of Martha," now in its first big printing, has been spending the summer at his cabin on Kleagle's Island, Vt. "It is lovely here," he writes to his publishers, "and I shouldn't be at all surprised if we had a little rain this afternoon." Mr. Strem's new book, "My Old Throat Trouble," will be out early in the autumn.

One of the least called-for books in the Chicago Public Library during August was Robert Mamble's "Little-Known Trails Through Old Quebec" (Nosting & Co.). Mr. Mamble pretends to be quite elated at this distinction.

It is said that while writing "Enos Crash" (Libby, Wrenning), Frank Rosmer sat in a hollow tree on his estate at "Bunch-holm" and would see no one except reporters.

George Duff & Co. announce for Fall publication a new novel by Elizabeth LaLarge, author of "The Trouble With Lillian Is She Coughs So Much." Mrs. LaLarge's forthcoming book is to be called "Teeny-Weeny" and is said to deal with episodes in the life of William Ewart Gladstone.

A correspondent has written us enquiring about a book called, "If Winter Comes", and asking where he can obtain a copy. We regret that we do not know. Can any of our readers give the desired information?

Brilliant Young Author



Watler Burridge Zone, whose first novel, "John Marchmont—Chipper, Filer and Woodcutter," has served to place him in the front rank of American hurdlers.

THE SILVER SHEET

The feature at the Drivoli Theatre this week will be William Fox's masterpiece, "Hot Lips," with William Farnum in the stellar rôle. The management of the theatre has staged a special pro-epilogue for the occasion, and Barbara Frietchie costumes will be *en règle* among the ushers.

While "out on location" at the Grand Canyon for his new photodrama, "The Old Home Town," Jackie Coogan pulled a good one. As he gazed into the mighty abyss, aged as time itself, the youthful star remarked: "Say! That looks like a swell place to throw your old safety razor blades."

David Wark Griffith is to produce a seventy-two-reel picturization of "The Outline of History." He has already signed up a flock of likely looking doves for the cast.

Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of the Paramount-Artcraft company, flatly denies the report that his world-famous star, Gloria Swanson, is to wed Will H. Hays.

All Hollywood is agog over the rumor that George Bernard Shaw has accepted a fat contract to write sub-titles for the mammoth Universal Super-Jewel, "Heart o' the West."

Cecil B. De Mille has sent to India for seven hundred dancing girls, sixty-eight elephants, fourteen Bengal Tigers and five genuine Maharajahs to be used in the dream episodes of his forthcoming production of Sinclair Lewis's novel, "Main Street."

In Playdom

"Ben Hur," Mammoth Heart Drama, Opens at Bijou

The season will open at the Bijou on Monday night with the advent of Gen. Lew Wallace's super-spectacle play, "Ben Hur." The all-star cast includes such well-known players as William Gray (in the title-role), George Rosset, Lewis Nevin, Paul Thurston, Alton Roderick, Mary Blake, Doris Davis, Margaret Phillips, Roger Duncan, Thomas Van Dyke, Lillian Martin, Herbert Spence, Norman Langley, Raymond Blake, Hilda Dansvort, William Stone, Marguerite Parker, Townsend Claverly, Mary Lee, Helen Shea, Harris Philbin, Gertrude Negley, Nat Grossbeck, Lester Deeds and Phillip Carr.

In the cast of Gen. Lew Wallace's super-spectacle play "Ben Hur," which comes to the Bijou on Monday after a run of twenty years on Broadway, is an interesting character whose name is not on the program. This is none other than "Jascha," the baby camel, born while the company was playing in McKeesport, Pa. "Jascha" is now three months old and every day she is taken out for a run by the wardrobe mistress, who has adopted "Jascha" and is bringing her up like her own child. "Jascha's" daily menu consists of three bags of Nonesuch mash, a couple of fried eggs, apple pie and a cup of coffee. "Jascha" says that she is glad to be playing in (name of city) and hopes that all the kiddies in town will come to see her.

William Gray, who plays the part of *Ben Hur* in Gen. Lew Wallace's super-spectacle play of that name which comes on Monday to the Bijou, started out in life as a lawyer. He is a graduate of the Colorado School of Mimes and went on the stage much against the wishes of his parents, who wanted him to follow in his father's footsteps and be a fat man. "I am glad that I decided to go on the stage, however," said Mr. Gray in his dressing-room, "because I consider the theatre to be a very good thing to do."

During the chariot-race scene in Gen. Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur," which comes to the Bijou on Monday, there is a moment of intense excitement when it looks as if *Ben Hur* might lose the race. During its run of twenty years on Broadway, however, he never lost it once. In this connection, a story is told of William Gray, the ex-college-graduate who plays the leading male role in the play of that name. Mr. Gray had just come up to his dressing-room after the big chariot-race scene and was asked by John Drew, who was in the company at that time, if he never felt nervous during the big chariot-race scene. "Only once," replied Mr. Gray, "and that was when an axle almost broke. If it had broken I might have *ben-hur*(t)."

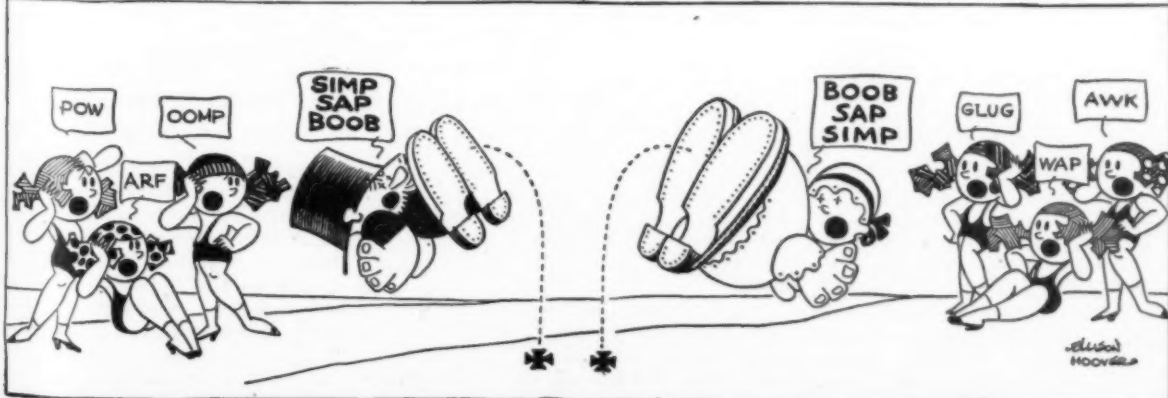
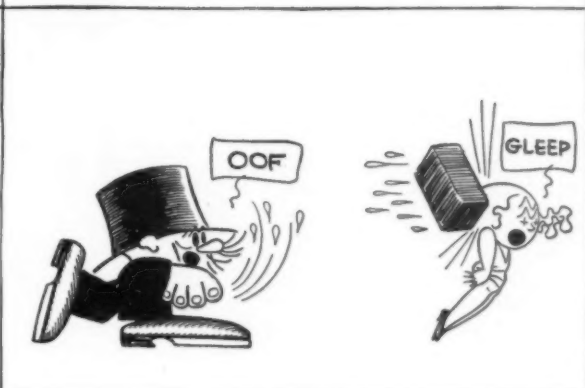
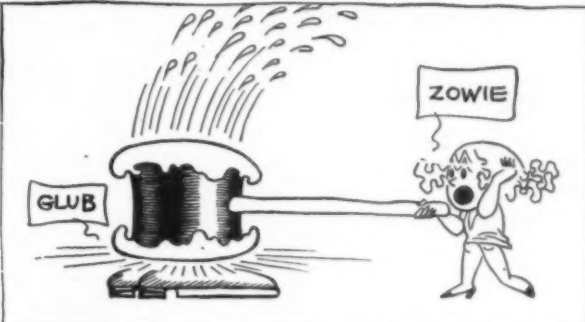
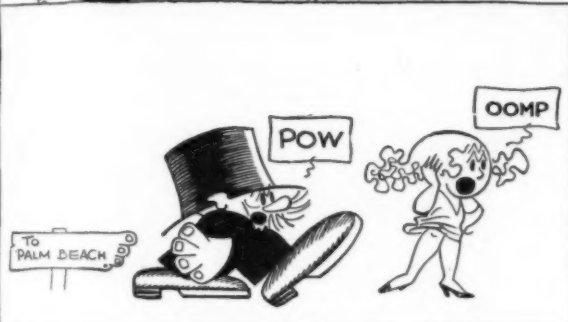
Mr. Gray is only twenty-four.



PAW, MAW AND SALACIA

PAW, TH' POOR INSECT,
NEARLY HAS A COUPLA
GOOD ONES HUNG
ON HIS EYE

By **LEFTY ("BUGS")
MCGUCKEN**



for the kiddies

UNCLE WOBBLY'S BEDTIME STORY

"WELL, kiddicums," cried Uncle Wobbly, looking around the circle of glowering little faces, "and what would you say if I were to tell you a story?"

"Curtains!" chorused the shrill little voices.

"All right, then, chickabiddies," laughed Uncle, for he was never so happy as when he was boring his tiny friends, "I'll tell you all about the time that Abie Weasel came to the Acorn Inn.

"My, oh my, what a wet night it was! The rain came pattering down just like so much water, and all the Little Woodsy People had scurried home as fast as ever they could. Everybody was tucked into bed, except Abie Weasel. Abie had been making the rounds of the Funny Forest selling suspenders, and, oh, how wet and cold he was when he knocked at the door of the Acorn Inn, run by good old Daddy Chipmunk. Sure enough, after he had knocked for half an hour or so, Daddy put his head out and wanted to know what was the big idea.

"Please, Daddy," begged Abie, 'could you put me up for the night?"

"Old Daddy Chipmunk thought it all over for a minute.

"Well, I tell you," he said, 'we're pretty full up here, on account of this convention we have on our hands, but if you aren't too fussy, there is a bed that—'

But Uncle Wobbly's kindly old voice was drowned out by the shuffling of tiny feet, as his winsome audience walked out on him. Auntie West-wind bore back the sound of eager little voices crying, "I kicked the slats out of my crib the first time I heard that one," and "Who does he think he is, anyway,—Cabell?"

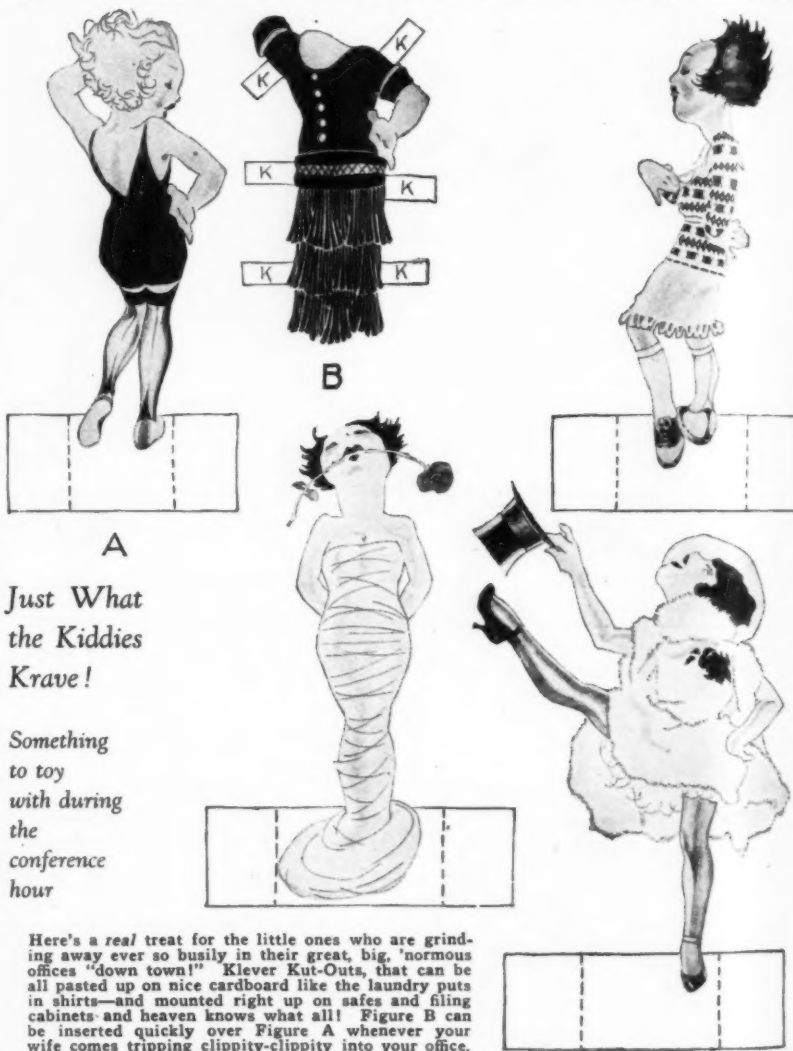
Uncle Wobbly laughed happily.

"And to-morrow, kiddie-widdies," he chirped, "I'm going to tell you all the story of how Johnny Dockrat played tennis with the Duchess."

KIDDIE KLUB KORNER Konducted by Aunt Sweetie

The Kiddies' Klub is growing so big that Aunt Sweetie is getting perfectly cockeyed trying to keep track of all her new nephews and nieces. Last month brought her three more, and the returns from up state are not in yet. The new little nephews and nieces are Geraldine Smee, 1629 Ulna Avenue, East New York, Wallace ("Spike") Creevey, Lozenge, L. I., and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, this city.

KLEVER KUT-OUTS FOR LITTLE BUSINESS MEN



A
Just What
the Kiddies
Krave!

Something
to toy
with during
the
conference
hour

Here's a real treat for the little ones who are grinding away ever so busily in their great, big, 'normous offices "down town!" Klever Kut-Outs, that can be all pasted up on nice cardboard like the laundry puts in shirts—and mounted right up on safes and filing cabinets—and heaven knows what all! Figure B can be inserted quickly over Figure A whenever your wife comes tripping clippity-clippity into your office.

And here are the fortunate prize-winners in last week's Kiddie Klub Kontests! Muscle-dancing: First prize, (shaving mirror) Georgie Screech, age 39; second prize, (German mark) Marjorie Quigley, age 22. Cock-tail-shaking: First Prize; (cancelled cheque) Marcus Warmly, age 7; second prize, (second-hand kiddie kar) "Uncle Joe" Meigs, age 73.

Come in on next week's Kontests, kiddies! There will be Kompetitions in truck-driving, porch-climbing, and necking. And the prizes!—well, all Auntie can say is, "Try and get them!"

Letters From Kiddie Klub Members

Dear Aunt Sweetie—I am a little boy aged seven years old, and I have a kitten, and a baseball bat, and a dead frog, and an express wagon named "Daisy," and part of a wrench. I thought you would be glad to hear it. Hurray for the Kiddies' Klub. I can't tell you how much it has done to straighten me out during the past year.

Your nephew,
Herbie Douse.

SOCIETY

SAYS MARTHA: Horrible Sufferings of Wealthy Outsiders Keep Society in Gales of Merriment

By Martha Washington

Society, or at least that inner core of society which divides its summer between Newport and the Fall River boat, is enjoying many a quiet smile over the antics of a certain couple from the quaint West, who for the past eighteen years have been trying to get a foothold on the rung of the social swim.

Fun at the Van Smuck "Palace"

In fact, Martha was so overcome with laughter at the recent Van Smuck party that she had to be carried out and thrown in the fountain. The couple—it is whispered that the man made his fortune in Russian dressing—had set their hearts on attending this most exclusive of Newport's corn-roasts. Dressed in gala attire, they climbed the steps of "Kastle Kumfy," the million-dollar Van Smuck *château*, to be met at the top by a flying wedge of footmen wearing the Van Smuck livery of blue denim and gray flannel. The male climber, after receiving several nasty flesh wounds, landed on the terrace with a broken leg and probable internal injuries. Those who consider Mrs. Van Smuck an austere dowager should have seen the one-time Rosina McWinch laughing like a girl.

Another Onslaught

Nothing daunted, the intrepid spouse of the male climber left him for dead, and again started to enter. This time, however, she was greeted by a rousing machine-gun volley, which changed her plans, it is to be hoped, permanently. As a certain notorious debbie, famous for her slangy tendencies, remarked to Martha, "it was more fun than a little."

And now society is asking itself, "Can you beat it?"

Here and There

Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren Guppy, of New York and Piney Corners, Iowa, deny the marriage of their daughter, Minette, to the Prince of Wales, on August eighteenth at four o'clock.

Miss Sylvia Littwitz, one of the most grotesque of the winter's crop of debutantes, is spending several years at the Louisa A. Sigbee Home for Demonstrative Girls.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston P. Stretch, of 12½-A Melrose Avenue, will introduce their daughter, Carrie, to society with a dinner and sack-race at the Columbia Storage Warehouse early in the autumn.

Dr. and Mrs. William R. Scowl announce the engagement of their daughter, Teenie, to Mr. Willard MacPlush. Miss Scowl is a graduate of Miss Custard's school for backward children, and since making her bow to society has taken part in several amateur drinking contests. Mr. MacPlush was in hiding during the war, and is now connected with the Little Rascal Suspension Bridge Company.

LAST RESORT NEWS Gaiety Reigns Supreme at Lakeside Resort

Lake Stagnant, N. H.—September here finds the season in full swing once again. Early in the week, a gull flew over the lake, and on Thursday evening three acorns fell from their trees to the ground.

Social activities keep the summer guests constantly busied. Unusually entertaining is Mrs. Hamilton R. Schlick, who has been hostess at several impromptu canoe-tiltings, and an old-fashioned nightgown party. On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Schlick gave a charming bridge for her house-guest, Mrs. Byron L. Teak, who will be remembered here as bidding five hearts in the hope that her partner held the ace, king, queen. The prizes, handsomely embroidered sofa-cushions filled with pine needles, were won by Mrs. Hamilton R. Schlick. Mrs. Teak returned to her home in Quogue early Thursday morning.

A cake and rubber-goods sale was held on the grounds of Mrs. Frank Plough's estate, "Kamp Kumfit," on the first clear day thereafter. A deficit of more than thirty dollars was realized for the visiting nurse.

Mrs. Wilmot F. Fishley is occupying her place, "Kamp O-so-ko-zy." Mr. Fishley is not with her again this summer.

The Saturday night dances at the Beasley House are proving to be regular little magnets for the mid-summer guests. The music is furnished by the roller-polo team of the Nute Malleable Iron Works.

Numbered among the earliest arrivals of the cottage colony were Dr. F. G. Tanner and family. Dr. Tanner is collecting ashes as usual, during the season.

PLEASURE RULES BE- SIDE THE WAVES AT OCEANSIDE RESORT

Atlantic City, N. J.—Gay throngs mingle with the sands and the waves here, which vie as attractions with the Japanese bowling games. Prominent society folk sojourning under the boardwalk include Mr. Lester Grauble, wife, and seven or eight children; Maj. Gen. J. H. Hannafield and nasty case of sunburn; Mrs. Idalene Waley Slevins and interlocutory decree; and Mr. Herman Filch, gallon of grain alcohol, bottle of oil of juniper, and distilled water to taste.

Staying on Ocean Avenue is Miss Marie Bevis. Ring Smith's bell.

A Column o' Cheerups

JUST A THOUGHT

When things look kind o' black, my boy,
Keep right on a-chucklin'.
Kick Gloom right off the track, my boy,
Keep right on a-chucklin'.
Though Life may bow yo'r head wi' care,
Someone is feelin' good somewhere,
So why should you or I despair?
Keep right on a-chucklin'.

So jest you chuckle Life, my boy,
Keep right on a-chucklin'.
And Life will chuckle you, my boy,
Keep right on a-chucklin'.
For two times two is four, you know.
Great oaks from little acorns grow.
And money makes the mare go.
Keep right on a-chucklin'.

Good morning, neighbors! How about
greeting this old day with a Broad Grin!

It's the fellow who hits Old Man Care in
the eye when he gets up in the morning that
can wrestle with Old Man Gloom at night.

They say that everything's going to you-
know, but have you noticed that just as
many folks are whistling as ever?

FOR OUR LITHUANIAN READERS

GINKLUOTI PLĖSIKAI ŽYDUS
PLAKĖ ANT SINAGOGOS
KIEMO, PASKUI PLĖSĖ
KRAUTUVES

VILNIUS. — Liepos 14 d. — (žydu
Telegrafu Agentūra). Baimės apimti
žydai bėga iš Radino (Rodunės?),
netolimo nuo Vilniaus miestelio, May-
or Hylan kur vakar puolė ant žydu
100 ginkluotu raitelių.

Nebuvo pagailos nei 80 metu sen-
umo žmonėms, prie to labai žiauriai
pasielgta su Talmudo Instituto stu-
dentaits Babe Ruth.

Pačiame Radino miestely užpulta
rabino namai, žinomi po vardu "Cha-
fetz Chayim", j's buvo išvilktas iš
lovos sergantis, ir puolikai atėmė
pagalves ir visus kokios nors vertės
daiktus.

WASHINGTON, Liepos 13 d. "El-
ta".—Prez. Hardingas vėl grumoją
valdžios užgrėbimu anglies kasyklų,
jeigu jo santaikos plano operatoriai
ir anglekasiai nepriimsią. Anglekasiu
unijos prezidentas Lewis tapo pašauk-
tas į Baltąjį Nnamą; šisai reikalauja,
kad p. Hardingas savo planą kiek
nors pakeistu.

MAGAZINE SECTION

And Still The Kippy Diamond Fulfills Its Curse!

ONCE again has the "Gem o' Doom" lived up to its hundred-year curse. Once again has it obeyed the famous malediction of Alvin Kippy, the Connecticut farmer who turned it up with his plow in 1681. The death of the Countess Myrtle Robinson, a few weeks ago, the impending double-divorce of Senator John Kippy and the former Frankie Buck are but recent additions to the long list of calamities that have

How This Costly Bauble, Known as "The Weird Gem O'Doom", has Wrecked Four Homes, Two Houseboats and Sixteen Hearts!

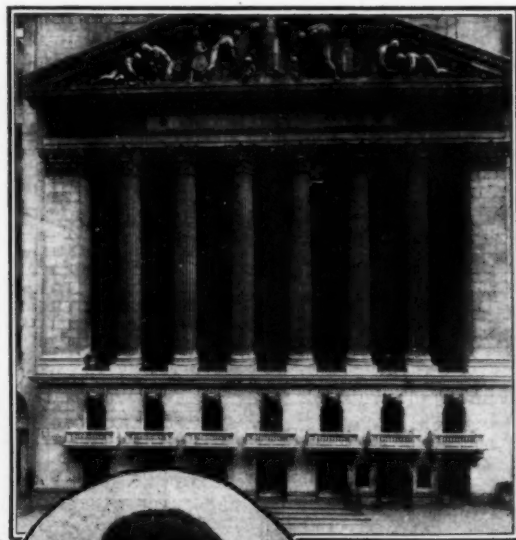
pursued the unhappy owners of the fateful Kippy Diamond.

According to the records of the time, Alvin Kippy was one of a family of six children, known throughout Connecticut as "the handsome Smith boys." Alvin, like his father, was a farmer and Egyptologist. One day, while reaping in the fields, Alvin stumbled over something hard. Without glancing at the object that had tripped him, tradition credits him with the famous oath, which reads: "Curse ye, and drat ye and curse ye; and may whoever encounters ye have numerous mishaps!"

He then picked up the stone now known as "Kippy's Gem." The Kippys and their friends paid no attention to Alvin's oath until several years after his death. Then St. Elmo Kippy, the oldest son, died. Then Mrs. Kippy died. Then old Mr. Kippy died. "Get rid of the diamond at any decent price," was the family's cry. It fell into the hands of Morton Braswisch. Braswisch died. On his deathbed Senator "Johnny" Kippy bought it back.

So the curse has run on. And society asks:

"What on earth will the Kippy bijou do next?"



(Above)
"Kippy's Folly," the never-used love nest built by Senator John Kippy in the fashionable San Juan Hill district for his bride and himself



(Left)
Harrison Fisher's famous portrait of Senator John Kippy and "Rover" his pet mustache. The picture was painted on the spot

at the gay M. E. Bazaar in Petrograd a year before the revolution. The portrait with its strange markings now hangs in the Louvre next to Leonardo's "Gioconda"



Babe LaMotte and Graycie Quinn, in the "You Are the Fairest Bud in My Garden of Beautiful Girls" number, from the current "Follies." Both these Ziegfeld beauties refused to marry Kippy because of the Kippy Curse.

Can This 62 Year Old Girl be A Love Pirate?



The Strange Case of
Barbara Whiffle,
Whose Fatal Lure
is Baffling
Scientists.

HOW old was Cleopatra?

Was Delilah a grandmother when she trimmed Samson's locks?

Whom did Kipling have in mind when he composed "The Vampire"?

These, and other questions, are puzzling scientists in their attempts to fathom the mystery of Barbara Whiffle, sixty-two-year-old girl of Middletown, Conn., who is attracting attention—and men—in all corners of the globe. These men, led on by an influence that is the despair of psycho-analysts, have flocked to Miss Whiffle's modest home in droves, sacrificing all for the sake of a smile.

And how little Barbara does smile! Her tender little lips curve up wistfully at the corners, betraying the fact that, for all her psychic power, she possesses a saving sense of humor.

Interviewed in her modest room in her Middletown home the other day by a SUNDAY LIFE reporter, Barbara told the strange story of how she discovered her power.

"I'm sure I don't know why I should be different from other girls," she said demurely. "I guess I just am, that's all. Do you think I am a love pirate? Some people think I am a love pirate. Oh, say you don't think I am a love pirate!"

Barbara's mother was equally at sea for the explanation of her daughter's peculiar power. "As a baby, Barbara was difficult," she said. "She was never so happy as when some married friend of the family was visiting the house. I am at a loss to understand this something that the doctors call magnetism—" (here there was a brief intermission while Mrs. Whiffle removed some biscuits from the oven) "—but I suppose it is all for the best."

Barbara's grandmother agreed with this observation.

Dr. Felix Traube, the eminent psycho-analyst, has this to say: "Modern science has learned to classify many phenomena that would have puzzled the psychologists of a hundred years ago. And yet the case of the Whiffle girl has certain extraneous antennæ that set it apart. What probably happened is that this girl unconsciously made herself attractive to men. There is also something more than an even chance that this is *not* the scientific explanation."

Little Miss Whiffle has accepted a handsome offer to go into vaudeville, and will soon be seen in one of the local theatres. She has also signed a contract with the Cosmopolitan Film Corporation.



Prince Fu Ping,
Heir to Throne
of Malay Free
State, Who Jour-
neyed all the Way
From Biskra to
Lay his Crown
and Ruby Mines
at Barbara's Feet.
Mrs. Whiffle Sent
Him About His
Business.

Another of Bar-
bara's Victims!
Gerald Gwynn
Livingston, Known
in Asbury Park as
"Gwynny" Liv-
ingston, Promi-
nent Turf-man and
Yale Graduate,
Whose Ardent
Letters to Barbara
Figured in Court
Recently.



Where Barnum Went Wrong

FOR twenty years or so we've all been hearing Barnum's classic remark — "The public likes to be fooled."

The public has always enjoyed this biting comment because it came from America's best loved showman.

But probably many of us had our fingers crossed even as we nodded approval.

* * *

The past two years in the tire business has been a pretty good test of Barnum's famous saying.

If the public liked to be fooled here was its heart's content. "Big Discounts" to the right. "Special Sales" to the left. "Bargains" on every corner.

Certainly no man who kept his eyes and ears open missed seeing the attempt to fool the public by drawing its attention away from the essentials of real value.

Why did car-owners refuse to lower their quality standards—why did more people than ever go to quality tires?

Especially U. S. Royal Cords, which they used more and more to measure the market when they wanted a test of value.

In one way of speaking, Royal Cord leadership grew out of the confusing conditions put upon the tire buyer.

The car-owner, being a practical person, as a rule, did the practical thing.

He bought U. S. Royal Cord quality—and stuck to it.

The legitimate dealer lined up with the U. S. Royal Cord policy—and stuck to it.

The makers of Royal Cord Tires said "Go to a legitimate dealer"—and stuck to it.

* * *

Perhaps Barnum intended his remark about the public to be taken with a grain of salt. Note that he always gave his customers a whale of a money's worth.

Current prices on United States Passenger Car Tires and Tubes are not subject to Federal Excise Tax, the tax having been included.

United States Tires
are Good Tires

Copyright
1922
U. S. Tire Co.

U. S. Royal Cord Tires
United States  Rubber Company

Fifty-three
Factories

The Oldest and Largest
Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and
thirty-five Branches





Her Prescience

YOUTH (by the sea): You little thought a week ago that you'd be sitting on a lonely sea-shore with a man then unknown to you.

MAIDEN: Oh, yes, I did.

"But, dear, you didn't know me then!"

"Of course not, but I knew myself."

—*London Opinion.*

Is There No Escape?

"If we Launder your Collar
We collar your Laundry."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

We suppose this is in accordance with what the economists call "the Law of Diminishing Returns."—*Punch.*

Determined

"Congenial set in your apartment house?"

"Best I ever met with. Everybody is determined not to know anybody else."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"WEALTHY, is he not?"

"Wealthy? Why, he is richer than a labor leader's wildest dreams of avarice!"—*Kansas City Star.*



SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW

"I knew you were getting stouter, Ernestine; you provide me with more shade than you did last year."

—*Le Rire (Paris).*

Too Dangerous

Old Pete Higgs, while he kept up a very respectable front, was nevertheless tricky in a business deal. He bought a second-hand car, fixed it up a bit, and sent for the insurance man.

He bought as big a policy as he could on fire and theft, and then the agent asked him about liability and collision.

"No," said Pete, in a moment of absent-mindedness, "I ain't going to hit anybody, and a collision is too dangerous."—*American Mutual Magazine.*

Price Cutting

The thing to do after buying a new auto these days is to drive it rapidly home, send out for the latest newspaper edition and see if you got home before the dealer cut the price three hundred dollars.—*New York Globe.*

Glad to See Him

WIFE (reading tea cup): A dark man is going to call soon.

HUB: I hope to goodness his complexion is due to coal dust. I'm getting worried.—*Boston Transcript.*

GOLFER: That's a wretched place to lose a golf ball, isn't it, caddie?

SAGACIOUS CADDIE: Yes, sir, but it's an ideal place to cache a bottle.

—*American Golfer.*

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It Pays to Keep Folks Well



341,000 Happy People—

in the United States and Canada sat down last year to their Christmas dinners who wouldn't have been there if the death rate for 1921 had been the same as it was in 1911. What happened to make conditions so much better? There has been a constantly growing organized effort to prolong human life.

Anti-tuberculosis associations, welfare organizations, nursing orders and legislative bodies have all taken a hand. The results show that lives have been and *can* be lengthened by the wise use of money, and that such an investment pays dividends in dollars.

When a breadwinner is taken away—

the family is poorer. A community suffers a very definite economic loss when it loses a number of lives. It increases the cost of living to have workers die needlessly. It increases taxes—to say nothing of the sorrow and unhappiness involved.

As soon as people realize—

that the wealth of the nation depends upon the men and

women who make up the nation, the tremendous financial importance of prolonging human life becomes clear to everybody.

The United States is said to be the richest country in the world. Take every man and woman away and what would it be worth? Not so much as it was when the red Indians owned it.

Even the unskilled laborer who works his full life-time makes the nation richer by several thousand dollars. It follows, therefore, that down to the smallest tax payer in the last small community, everybody is better off when lives are saved.

The work already done—

has saved the lives of fathers, mothers, children. Saving fathers keeps families from becoming dependent.

Saving mothers helps to hold families together and keeps children out of public institutions.

Saving children adds to the future wealth of the nation.

Protected Health means fewer deaths. Fewer deaths mean fewer policies to pay.

Just among the Metropolitan's 14,000,000 policy holders who paid their premiums weekly, there were 55,000 fewer deaths in 1921 than there would have been under the death rate prevailing ten years before.

Take the figures home to yourself. Suppose you are a Metro-

politan policy holder—one of these 55,000 saved from death—your family is richer by the money you earned in 1921 and has been saved expenses incident to illness and death.

Other Metropolitan policy holders have been benefited by the premiums you paid in 1921, just as you have benefited by other lives saved.

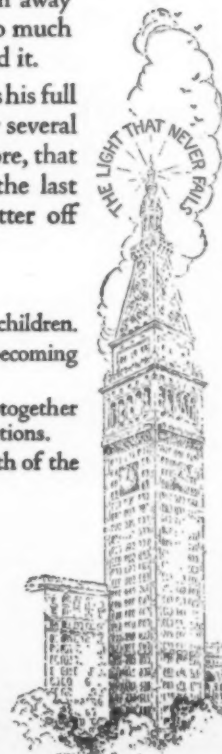
The nation is better off for your

contribution to the Country's wealth in 1921.

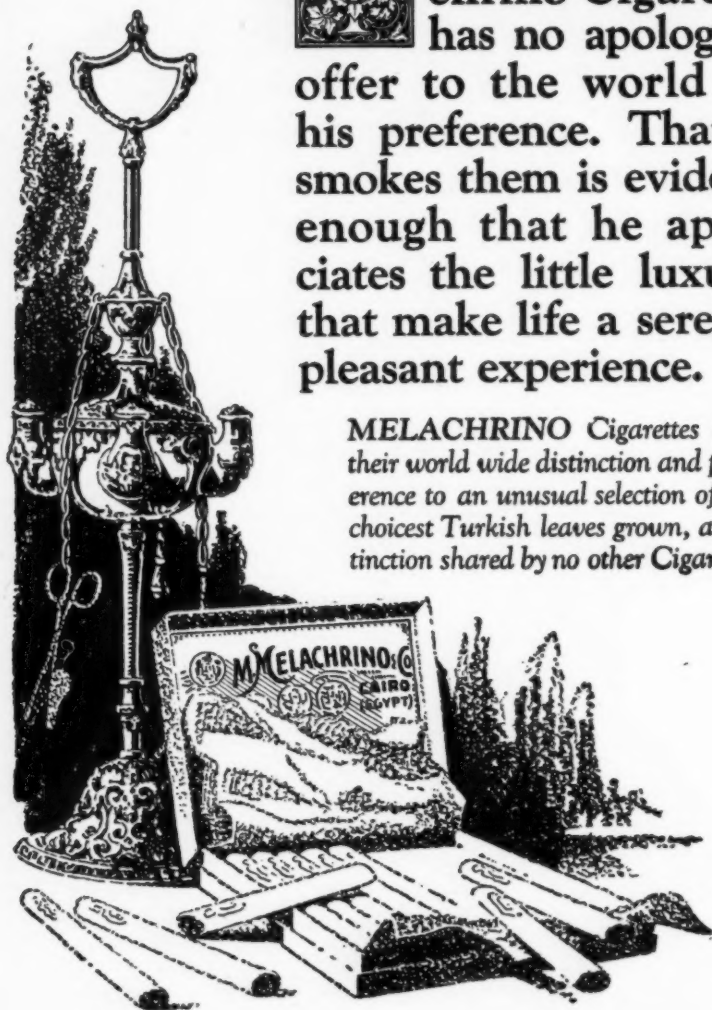
And, best of all, your family and friends are richer and happier by the fact that you yourself are still alive.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will send its booklet, "How to Live Long," to anyone who asks for it.

HALEY FISKE, President



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Unaccustomed

CUSTOMER: You don't seem very quick at figures, my boy?

NEWBOY: I'm out o' practice, sir. You see, most of the gents say, "Keep the change."—*Tit-Bits (London)*.

"I REALLY dislike to talk to her; she has such a habit of finishing one's sentences for one. You know the kind?"

"Yes, they listen faster than you can talk to them."

—*Boston Transcript*.

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Son, Daughter, Brother or Sister? If so, write us today to send you FREE the Allen's Foot-Ease Walking Doll. One Druggist writes: "These Foot-Ease Walking Dolls are a Scram. Many people here are using them at banquets and festivals as table decorations, one doll to a cover. Send us another supply." The Allen's Foot-Ease Walking Doll, advertising Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic, Healing Powder for tender, smarting, swollen feet, is the cleverest novelty of the season. Drop a Postal to Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y., and get a Doll FREE.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Why He Failed

Of a man who had failed they said: "He was doomed to fail. His life had been, in fact, but a series of failures. The first chapter of this series began in an insurance office, where he obtained his first job, that of office boy. He had only just begun on this job when his boss looked up from an important letter one morning and said irritably, "Don't whistle at your work, boy." "I ain't workin', sir!" he answered."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Feline Friends

"What d'you think of the Smithsonian girl?"

"Oh, well—er—she's rather a nice little thing, isn't she?"

"Ye-es, but—cat to cat—what d'you think of her?"—*London Daily Express*.

Running the Scale

The return of Paderewski to concert work should have the hearty approval of former Premier Clemenceau. When the famous pianist attended the Peace Conference on behalf of Poland, the French premier greeted him as follows: "You are M. Paderewski, the pianist, are you not?"

"Yes, M. Clemenceau."

"And you have given up your position in the world of music to become prime minister of Poland?"

"I have, M. Clemenceau."

"What a come-down!"

—*Ottawa Citizen*.

Twice as Much Again

The bills had come in for building the young couple's home. "George," said the bride of a few months, "they are twice what we expected!" "Don't worry," said the young husband. "I expected they would be." "But, George," she replied, "they're twice as much as that!"—*Argonaut*.

Financing

The railroad operators were in conference about this passenger-rate thing. "What we've got to do," said the chairman of the committee, "is to equalize rates and pool overhead, but how can we make the rates equitable?" "I suggest," said the secretary, "that we charge by the hour on slow trains and by the mile on fast ones."

—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

Advice to Office-Holders

So live, O public servants, that you never are obliged to announce in a voice choked with emotion that you court the fullest investigation.

—*Ohio State Journal*.

"WHAT'S your husband growling about?"

"He's cross because I'm taking him out to enjoy himself."—*London Mail*.

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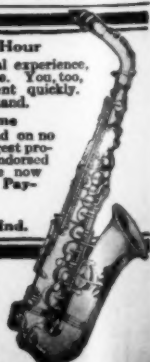
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The Convention Hall. Talkers

"—the chairman over there; that little man with the toupee. You didn't know it? I thought everybody knew that. I don't know who that is sitting beside him, but that's a queer pair of shoes to wear with that dress."

"—can you hear him? I can't. He's looking for his place again. I wonder if he knows he dropped those sheets on the floor? That's a good point about immigration; I must remember that. You know, I may be chairwoman in our ward and may have to make some speeches."

"—think politics are grand. You go to so many different places. That's splendid! Did you hear that? He's talking about harmony now. Isn't harmony fine? Do you feel warm?"

"—say we slip out before the next speaker. I'd like to show you a little hat I saw in a window on the way down. We'll have time if we go now."

"—hadn't been so hot I'd a stayed. My! I think it's fine to go to meetings. I always say that now women vote they should do their full share. What was that speaker's name? Neither do I. Well, it will be in the papers. Here's that little store."

McC. H.

Seventy Times Seven

I was afraid the rector
Would go to law
About that \$490 I owed him,
But when I offered to pay it in sev-
enty installments
Of seven dollars each
He didn't dare
Take the money.



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George S. Kaufman, Newman Levy,
James K. McGuinness and Dorothy
Parker.

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fight had something to do with her
dad and the telephone company,
while the male valedictorian de-
clared he had forgotten if Custer
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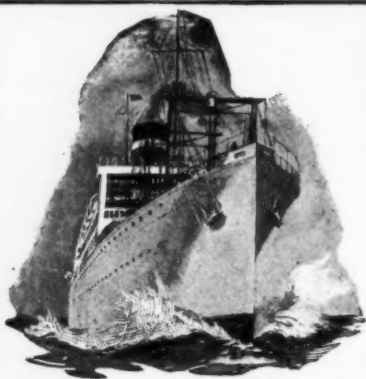
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Now, the fares have been cut to rock bottom.

The great Centennial Exposition at Rio de Janeiro is attracting thousands of visitors from all over the world. If you are planning to be one of them—if you wish to investigate trade opportunities or revel in the glories of the tropical scenery send the information blank below.

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Send the information blank below now! You will receive a valuable travel booklet and free particulars about the United States Government Ships and the new low rates. You will be under no obligation. If you are interested in travel to other lands than South America send the information blank anyway. Indicate where you wish to go.

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Rhymed Reviews

Gentle Julia

By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Page & Co.

NO tigerling of Hindustan,
No wolf of bellicose Apulia
Was half so dangerous to man
As gentle, far too gentle, Julia.

Her charm and loveliness combined
Would not have been so detrimental
To all the local peace of mind
If Julia had not been so gentle.

Because she couldn't treat 'em rough
Her conquests grew like Alexander's,
Though some were pretty feeble stuff
Like Noble Dill and Newland Sanders.

No, Julia wasn't quite a flirt;
She wanted everybody happy,
And simply couldn't bear to hurt
A youth, however soft and sappy.

By Herbert, Julia's brother's son,
And Julia's niece, dear little Florence,
Exasperating deeds were done
Provocative of deep abhorrence.

But nothing happened—nothing much,
Or not a thing that needs exploring;
And Julia still is doing such,
And all the youth are still adoring.

This Tarkington can really write;
For style he beats the whole caboodle;
(You'll find a thing of pure delight
In Gamin, Julia's Gallic poodle).

He does not hate, he does not wail,
In gloom and filth he seeks no prizes;
Of you and me he tells a tale,
And when he laughs he sympathizes.

A. G.

A Millionaire in the Making

"I hear you've quit clerking and are going into business."

"Yes; I picked up cheap a penny weighing machine and a good soda fountain second hand, got the agency for Goo-Goo Chocolates and have a cellar full of hooch and a doctor friend around the corner, so I'm going to start a drug store."

A memory course is a great invention. After taking a memory course, instead of forgetting Brown's name altogether as you formerly did, you now remember that Brown's name is Smith.

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Author of

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A story of married life which will provoke widespread discussion. Can a married woman have a business career and still do her duty by her husband and her children? That is the theme of this absorbing, vital novel, which will undoubtedly be the best seller of the year. Wherever people gather, there will be talk of THIS FREEDOM—and you will want to have read it.

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One Touch of Bromide

THE prince had been gone on another of his little jaunts for nearly a month and His Majesty, the King, eagerly awaited the arrival of the morning mail.

At last the Third Deputy Assistant Hereditary Grand Mail Carrier approached with the day's letters heaped high upon a silver tray.

The King seized them impatiently and cast aside one after another until he came upon that for which he was seeking.

"Ha! Here it is. A communication from Our son," he exclaimed, holding aloft a picture postal card. "Let Us read what he has to say for himself."

On the face of the card was a reproduction of a large hotel, against one of the windows of which a cross has been scrawled. Beside this was written, "My room."

On the back, in addition to the address, was inscribed, "Having a grand time. Wish you were here."

The King's face lit up with a jubilant smile. He beamed with pleasure. "Thank Heaven!" said He to the Queen. "We have a son who is a democrat. The monarchy is safe."

J. K. M.

Knowledge is Power

HIS parents called him The Black Sheep—his friends spoke of him as Down and Out. Fifteen out of every twenty-four hours he spent trying to exhaust the liquor supply. He neglected his business until it was dead. His wife and children were underfed and threadbare. He pawned everything he had. His Doctor gave him a month to live—and then—the Volstead Act was passed. Now he is well and active. He has a lucrative business which absorbs all of his time. His wife has her car and chauffeur. He has both a town and a country house—and—he never drinks a drop. He is afraid to drink. He has become a bootlegger.

D. H. B.



"It isn't you who would climb Mt. Everest!"

"No. I am waiting to see it in the movies; it will be less fatiguing and amount to the same thing."

L'Illustration (Paris).



This Free Test

Has brought prettier teeth to millions

The prettier teeth you see everywhere now probably came in this way.

The owners accepted this ten-day test. They found a way to combat film on teeth. Now, as long as they live, they may enjoy whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

The same way is open to you, and your dentist will urge you to take it.

The war on film

Dentists, the world over, have declared a war on film. That is the cause of dingy teeth—the cause of most tooth troubles.

A viscous film clings to the teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Old brushing methods left much of it intact. Then it formed the basis of thin cloudy coats, including tartar. Most people's teeth lost luster in that way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people have escaped these troubles caused by film.

Ways to combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat that film. Able authorities have amply proved their efficiency. So leading dentists the world over now advise their daily use.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
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The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over now. All druggists supply the large tubes.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, avoiding old mistakes. The name is Pepsodent. It does what modern science seeks. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Aids nature's fight

Pepsodent also multiplies Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. One is the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling to teeth. In fermenting they form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent gives to both these factors a manifold effect.

Show them the way

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

One week will convince you that Pepsodent brings a new era in tooth protection. Then show the results to your children. Teach them this way. Modern dentists advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears.

This is important to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free ⁹⁴⁵

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The Same Things Still Get Them

"WHEN I began to sell goods in this territory thirty years ago the sons of the merchants came down at seven o'clock in the morning to sweep out; to-day a merchant knows he's lucky if his sons get to bed by seven in the morning. It used to be a proud day for the fathers when they could teach their boys the combination of the safe; it would be a prouder day now if they dared to do it.

"Sometimes a prosperous old fellow would decide to let his boy go to college, but he always hoped he would come back and go into the business; now he is afraid he will.

"I never had to look anybody up at the bank in this town. I could drift down to the postoffice of an evening and find out all I wanted to know in ten minutes. But the place has grown so that you might as well try to get chummy with the clerk at the New Trianon hotel as with the postmaster.

"But when you go out to the fair-grounds you see that Jonesville hasn't changed at heart. These big men may ride in high-powered cars, but they are all in the grandstand for the 2:20 trot." *McC. H.*

To Parents

A WORD as to outfitting your boy for going away to school this fall. The school catalogue will tell you in wearisome detail it is necessary to provide your son with three pairs of shoes, one pair of overshoes, six shirts, twelve handkerchiefs, etc. Pay no attention to the catalogue. Send the lad away in the clothes he wears. If he has the right stuff in him, he will soon "swipe" a complete wardrobe from his schoolmates, and as occasion demands, he will continue to swipe the necessities of apparel from the sons of parents who believe everything they read and don't know a joke even when it's in a catalogue. The difference between swiping and stealing, while vague to the parental eye, is perfectly obvious to the schoolboy's eye. If your son is a prize swiper, it does not mean, necessarily, that the penitentiary will be his future home. Rather, he will be immediately respected by his fellows, and in the future he will in all probability be president of the First National Bank of your city. At the least, he will be mayor. Certainly, great honor and emoluments will accrue to him. Meanwhile, be proud of his budding abilities and do not cramp their development by sending him what he can swipe for himself.

J. M.

Picturesque Log Fires



Fairy Fuel sprinkled on your log fire gives the beautiful colorings produced by burning driftwood. In the fascinating flames can be seen the blue of the sky, the green of the sea and the red and gold of the setting sun. Package postpaid \$1. Ask for No. 4499. Pohlsen Gifts—always unique—include attractive things for everyone. New catalog of "Shower Gifts" and "Baby Belongings" just out. Either or both sent on request. Look for the Pohlsen things in stores and gift shops.

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Are you a sensitive person?

NATURALLY, you are. Every person of culture and refinement possesses those finer sensibilities that mark the gentleman and gentlewoman.

And particularly are such people sensitive about the little personal things that so quickly identify you as a desirable associate—socially or in business.

Attention to the condition of your breath ought to be as systematic a part of your daily toilet routine as the washing of your face and hands. Yet how many, many men and women neglect this most important precaution!

The reason is a perfectly natural one. Halitosis (or unpleasant breath, as the scientific term has it) is an insidious thing you may be troubled with and still be entirely ignorant of.

Your mirror can't tell you. Usually you can't tell it yourself. And the subject is too delicate for your friends—maybe even your wife or husband—to care to mention to you. So you may unconsciously offend your friends and those you come in intimate contact with day by day.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is usually temporary, due to some local condition. Smoking often causes it, the finest cigar becoming the offender even hours after it has brought the smoker pleasure. Again, halitosis may be chronic, due to some organic disorder which a doctor or dentist should diagnose and correct.

Most forms of halitosis, however, may easily be overcome by the regular use of Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic, as a gargle and mouth-wash.

Listerine possesses unusually effective properties as an antiseptic. It quickly halts food fermentation in the mouth and dispels the unpleasant halitosis incident to such a condition.

Provide yourself with a bottle today, and relieve yourself of that uncomfortable uncertainty as to whether your breath is sweet, fresh and clean.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



Ballade of the Unfortunate Fisherman

WITH native guide, and hook and line,
I've angled in the lakes of Maine;
I've fished in the historic Rhine,
I've tried it in the River Seine.
And when my efforts all were vain,
And meekly I've inquired the reason,
The Man Who Lives There would explain:
"Somehow it ain't so good this season."

"Now, last year, say—" one's very spine
Thrills as they tell of that campaign;
But this year fish no longer dine—
Too dry, perhaps, or too much rain.
I've sat for days—I've knelt and lain—
In perfect silence watched my P's an' Q's,
but caught this same refrain:
"Somehow it ain't so good this season."

On trails of very lonesome pine,
In lands of waving sugar cane,
The selfsame fortune has been mine—
Experience is all I gain.
Wherever travels boat or train,
At every lake whose banks have trees on,
They always say, when I complain:
"Somehow it ain't so good this season."

L'Envoi

Prince—if a Prince thou art—and deign
To notice verse that's halt and wheezin',
Forgive the bard his wearied brain—
Somehow it ain't so good this season.

G. S. K.

Concerning Diplomats

DIPLOMATS are of two kinds—professional and amateur.

Nearly everybody has it in him to be an amateur diplomat, but it takes an exceptional man to be a professional diplomat and get away with it.

One of the first requisites of a professional diplomat is to be able to say, "The incident is closed," in a convincing way. This is something utterly beyond the powers of the amateur diplomat.

The amateur diplomat never dreams of saying an incident is closed until it is closed, and then it is hardly necessary. The amateur has to be content to say, "The incident is less wide open than it was yesterday," or "The incident is ajar."

Fortunately, we are not compelled to believe the amateur diplomat even when he tells the truth. F. W.

Jim Henry's Column

Do you believe me?

An advertising expert told me the other day that if every man who reads my stuff should believe it and act upon it, the avalanche of orders would probably put Mennen out of business. I guess he's right. Imagine my whole audience of ten million men all deciding overnight that they wanted Mennen's!

I'm puzzled. I'm wondering how many of you fellows do believe me—how many of you I can get to confess a genuine interest in Mennen Shaving Cream.

I wonder how many of you I can get to gamble a dime to prove to your everlasting satisfaction one of two things. Either I am the possessor of a high speed imagination—or Mennen's is the greatest preparation ever produced for reducing a growth of hebristles to a state of pitiable non-resistance.

Either you believe me or you don't. If you do, you probably belong to the select class of men who are enjoying a blithesome Mennen shave every morning of their lives.

Now, if you are in doubt, why not at least put it up to me to prove my case? Forget reason, prejudice or habit and act on your regular-fellow instinct. Obey that impulse and send me a dime for my big demonstrator tube and dare Mennen's to give you the kind of shave you've always wanted. Dare it to flower into the most gorgeous bank of lather that's ever decorated your facial landscape. Settle once for all this question of my veracity by using three times as much water as usual—and try cold water if you like it. Let your razor sink into the snow drift and dare it to give you the best shave you ever had in your life. That's all I want.

I'll go you one step further. When I get your dare-devil dime, I'll send you along a sample can of Mennen Talcum for Men—a real man's talcum for after shaving or bathing. It's fine for the skin—and it doesn't show.

If you're a sport, come through.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.





Shake
It Into
Your
Shoes

Sprinkle
It In
Your
Foot-Bath

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

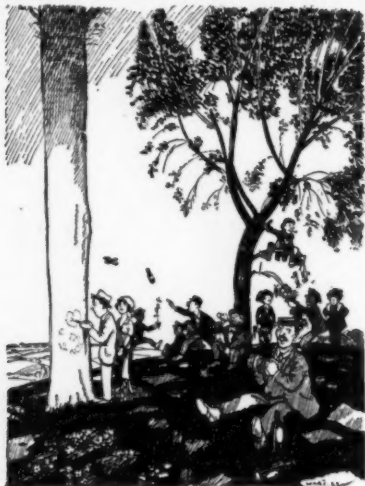
The Antiseptic, Healing
Powder for the Feet

Takes the friction from the shoe, relieves the pain of corns, bunions, callouses and sore spots, freshens the feet and gives new vigor.

Makes Tight or New Shoes Feel Easy

At night, when your feet are tired, sore and swollen from walking or dancing, sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease in the foot-bath and enjoy the bliss of feet without an ache.

Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war. In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE



NATURE LOVERS
—Arthur Watts in The Passing
Show (London).

Gibson Instruments

the "Music Pals of the Nation" easily and quickly enable you to play the music of the day. Delight your friends, increase your popularity, income and pleasure by playing for social affairs, concerts, entertainments, etc. Organize a Gibson Orchestra; we help; you receive commission on sales. Small payment, then \$3.00 a month pays for a Gibson; brings you wholesome year-round entertainment and profit. Gibsons are the recognized world standard. Guaranteed for life.



Easy to Play
Easy to Pay

Liberal allowance on old instruments in exchange for Gibson

Mandolin,
Mandolin,
Mandolin,
Mandolin,
Guitar,
Harp Guitar,
Mandolin-banjo,
Tenor-banjo,
Cello-banjo,
Guitar-banjo,
Write today for free book, catalog, free trial offer, enclosing the Gibson Two Dollar The Gibson Mandolin-Guitar Co. 1525 Pershing Street, St. Louis, Mo. U.S.A.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past thirty-five years. In that time it has expended \$205,652.78 and has given a fortnight in the country to 42,722 poor city children.

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Ave., New York City.

Previously acknowledged	\$19,125.32
Mrs. E. B. Holden, Salem, N. Y.	25.00
In Memory of A. C. B.	25.00
"Anonymous," Lexington, Va.	5.00
Robert Housum, Cleveland	74.33
In memory of C. S. on his birthday	10.00
Newell Jennings, Bristol, Conn.	10.00
E. C. Damon, Worcester, Mass.	10.00
"In Memory of George H. Ingraham, Rindge, N. H." August 9, 1922	10.00
Dorothea Stensloff, Salem, Ore.	1.00
Burton Clarke, Atlanta, Ga.	10.00
Anonymous, N. Y. City	1.00
Geo. Gordon Battle, N. Y. City	5.00
Lewis O. Ginn, Allegheny, Va.	10.10
"Kiddies of 123rd St., Rockaway Park"	2.50
Cass Gilbert, N. Y. City	10.00
Fannie P. Woodward, Italy	20.00
Harry Keller, Bellefonte, Pa.	5.00
George W. Dulany, 3rd, Chicago	21.25
"A California Grandmother"	15.00
Pullman Jack, Little Moose Lake, N. Y.	5.00
Edwardina M. Walsh, Philadelphia	10.00
"In Memory of Marion"	100.00
"In memory of Mary S. Salters"	10.00
"Anonymous," Portland, Ore.	10.00
Valdemar Jordan, N. Y. City	10.00
Proceeds of an entertainment given by Betty & Virginia Child of Greenwich, Conn.	10.00
Mrs. Ruby Kinchbaum, Ovando, Wis.	10.00
W. R. H., Jr., N. Y. City	15.00
James H., N. Y. City	15.00
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Sunday collections from the boys of The Aloha Camps, Fairlee, Vt.	10.23
O. P. B., Peterboro, N. H.	2.00
Mrs. B. W. W., Ossining, N. Y.	10.00
Mrs. Geo. C. Yeisley, Hudson, N. Y.	10.00
"In Memory of H. B. Mariner, Junior"	10.00
In memory of C. S. E.	50.00
From Julia & Charlie	25.00
In memory of Dr. Herbert E. Baught, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	5.00

\$19,722.73

The Story of a Little Idea

ONCE upon a time a man of big ideas had a little idea. It was so little and weak and insignificant that the man paid no attention to it but let the little idea shift for itself while he played with the big ideas.

The little idea had a terrible time.

About the only thing it was good for was to stick around and make the big ideas look bigger by comparison.

By and by the man grew tired of playing with the big ideas. They wore him out with their bigness. He longed for an idea of more modest dimensions, one more nearly his own size. So one day he remembered the little idea and looked it up. It was right there waiting for him.

"How simple," said the man after he had taken the little idea and put it to work and made himself famous thereby.

"Not at all," his admirers assured him. "You are a genius."

The little idea said nothing. Experience had taught it the value of silence. Besides (thought the little idea) why spoil a good story?



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Every time Sid Smith makes a stroke of his pen, millions of people laugh. Every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for Sid Smith every day.

Illustrating and cartooning are paying men like Briggs, Smith, Fontaine Fox and J. N. Darling from \$10,000 to \$100,000 a year. You may have ideas that are equally good. Let Federal training develop your talent and give you the skill to put your ideas on paper.

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Ruggedness! If you need a strong knife that makes light work of what would ruin some knives, insist upon owning a Keen Kutter.



Simmons Hardware Company

KEEN KUTTER

Reduce Your Waist in 10 Seconds



BEFORE

You can actually do it now with the "Wonder" Health Belt. It will take only the time required for adjusting the belt around your waist to accomplish this reduction and to bring relief from the strain of excess weight, which your abdominal muscles are carrying. You will be agreeably surprised at the immediate relief from bodily fatigue and discomfort. You will know the satisfaction of again having a well poised figure. And, best of all, the fat begins, at once, to depart. Then good healthy muscular tissue replaces it. In a month or so, you can take from 4 to 6 inches off your waist.



AFTER

THE "WONDER" HEALTH BELT will do these things. It is scientifically constructed from strong, light-weight fabric. Easily adjusted and easily washed.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

Send your name, address and present waist measure. If no tape is handy cut a piece of string to the proper size and mail it to us. We will send you a "Wonder" Health Belt by return mail. At the end of five days if you are thoroughly delighted with the belt, remit \$1.00 in full payment. If not, return the belt to us and you will not owe us a penny.

Well Health Belt Company
129 Mill St., New Haven, Conn.



Time to Re-tire?
(Buy Fisk)

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE outstanding margin of extra quality possessed by Fisk Tires is the one conspicuous fact held in the minds of the best informed buyers in America today. Compare before you buy.

There's a Fisk Tire of extra value in every size, for car, truck or speed wagon.



Holeproof Hosiery

STOCKINGS selected for beauty need not disappoint in their wearing qualities—not if you will ask for Holeproof. For in this famous hosiery, sheer, lustrous appearance is united with a fine-spun, woven-in strength that withstands long wear and repeated launderings. Moderate prices put Holeproof Hose within the reach of all, both for dress and every-day wear.

Holeproof Hosiery is offered in a wide variety of styles in Silk, Wool, Silk and Wool, Silk Faced, and Lusterized Lisle for men, women and children

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